



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. VII.

[J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,
Flood Building, Market Street.]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1888.

[TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum;
\$1.25 for six months.]

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A true woman's heart can find the right path better than a man's wisdom.—*George Ebers.*

Our good purposes foreshadowed are become our tormentors upon our death-bed.—*Bishop J. Hall.*

We all have inclinations which we should learn to fight if we mean to be useful to our fellows.—*Balaac.*

Next to the capacity of rightly leading, the greatest merit consists in knowing how and when to follow.—*Massini.*

That which is good can be small without being contemptible; but that which is bad is contemptible when it is small and becomes monstrous when it grows great.—*Crawford.*

Who comes with a higher thought than had before prevailed, will for a time be a stranger in a strange world; but in the end he will make that world his own.—*Universal Republic.*

It is the most beautiful truth in morals that we have no such thing as a distinct or divided interest from our race. In their welfare is ours, and by choosing the broadest paths to effect their happiness we choose the surest and the shortest to our own.

As the art of criticism never made an orator or a poet, though it enables us to judge of their merits, so the comprehensive speculation of modern times, which has compared and reviewed the manners of every age and country, has never formed a wise government or a happy people.—*Robert Hall.*

True humanity consists not in a squeamish ear; it consists not in starting or shrinking at tales of misery, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it. True humanity aspires rather to the mind than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active endeavors to execute the actions that it suggests.—*Fox.*

Mediocrity is sufficient for the ordinary purposes of life; it is the daily garb of society: all that emerges from the soft shadow cast by commonplace people is too striking for the daily use of the world; genius and originality are jewels which it locks away, and only wears on great occasions.—*Balaac.*

A man may be heroic in the truth; and if he believes things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy. There is not any burden that some would gladder put off to another, than the care and charge of their religion.—*John Milton.*

No man's spirit was ever hurt by doing his duty; on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest purely for conscience's sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits far beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.—*Paley.*

THANKSGIVING.

An Abbreviated Lecture Delivered in San Diego by W. J. Colville.

[Reported for the GOLDEN GATE by Mrs. Emily Catewold.]

Thanksgiving is a distinctively American festival, and one inseparably connected with the history of the United States and the genius of their government. Unlike Christmas, Easter and other holidays, it has no traditional religious history carrying our thoughts back to distant ages, and almost forgotten peoples. Unlike those world-wide festivals, it does not symbolize any mysterious doctrine or lead us into the paths of speculative inquiry as to the date and meaning of its origin; it is a plain, simple, homelike institution, all alive with the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers and indissolubly connected with the one great purpose and resolution of their lives—freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

For this inestimable privilege, regarded by them as unspeakably dearer than all beside, they braved the perils of the boisterous deep and gladly poured out their hearts in jubilant thanksgiving upon landing at Plymouth Rock. The cold, wild, inhospitable shores of New England afforded them the sanctuary they craved, a rugged, unadorned temple, untouched by the hand of art, and on which nature had painted but few traces of beauty, where they might carry out, in their sober, earnest, half barbaric way, their one great dream of freedom, the establishment of an altar to the God of their fathers in the midst of a barren wilderness. With their severe, repellent dogmas we can have but little sympathy. The intense rigor of their hard, Calvinistic creed, which allowed of no beauty and very little tenderness, makes us sometimes feel as though we had almost nothing in common with their doctrinal theology. But let us waive these differences of belief and we are at once enamored of the loyalty and bravery, and above all, with the uncomplaining endurance and even positive gratitude of those sturdy pioneers of modern American civilization whose very ruggedness may have been but a necessary veil thrown over warm beating hearts and intensely loving, generous feelings at a time when the work to be done required dauntless spirits to engage in it, and carry it to perfection. Conservatism and iconoclasm were the two leading and distinctly opposite traits of character displayed by the Puritan forefathers; so conservative were they of every iota of their grim German creed, that they considered no punishment too severe for everything which in their eyes savored of heresy. So iconoclastic were they that every vestige of ceremonialism in religion they regarded as a device of the arch-enemy of souls; and while they held what are commonly called the fundamentals of the Catholic faith equally with Romanists and Episcopalians, the very sight of chasuble stole or surplice, would suggest to them the very horns, hoof and tail of the Satanic Majesty in whose reality and power they placed such implicit confidence. The cutting down of trees and breaking up of earth seemed natural and congenial employment for such as they, for they singularly united the hardest and most enduring elements of destruction and reconstruction individually and collectively in their unyielding natures.

Passing over whatever is uninviting in a true likeness of the Puritans, let us gaze with genuine admiration upon those noble, gracious lineaments which so eloquently bespeak the noblest of mankind. Though their prayers were long and earnest, almost their first custom was the establishment of an annual day of thanksgiving, and oh! what a rebuke to multitudes at this hour, in this delightful land, fanned with balmy breezes and lighted with unstinted sunshine, abounding with luscious fruits and lovely flowers, is the gratitude of the Puritans. For what comforts and advantages had they cause to offer praise to heaven? Exiles from home and kindred, strangers in an almost desolate land, were not their hardships appalling and their comforts almost naught? And yet praise filled their mouths and their hearts prompted their songs.

Of all the blessings which can possibly be bestowed on man, no gift is so priceless

as liberty; without freedom in its widest sense, no treasure is worth possessing; and is not freedom a state of mind rather than an accident of situation? Can anyone dispute the poet's words:

"He is free whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside,
Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage."

As on the occasion of the commemoration of the Fall of the Bastille, in France (July 14), the three great watchwords of Republicanism were "Liberty, equality, fraternity," shine out with a brilliance they seem to possess at no other time, though all over Paris you see them at all seasons conspicuously displayed on every public building, so on the last Thursday in November every year, in America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, the one word "Freedom," so dear to every heart, seems to take on new lustre and shine with a glory unapproached on any other festival.

But while all are so ready to sing the praise of freedom, do the multitudes engaged in sports and gayeties of every kind on the great national holiday realize the true meaning of the word they all are ready to so highly extol? How many feel that freedom to worship God according to conscientious dictates is the only freedom worthy the name? Worship is a word actually repulsive to many ears to-day, and God is a term they would like to commit to the shadows of desuetude; but thank God, such infamous absurdity can never be consummated in an intelligent community, for though we do not desire to see God in the Constitution in any orthodox sense, though we abhor the thought of a union of Church and State in America, and consider the secular and yet truly moral character of the public schools, a necessary safeguard of public liberty, we do most emphatically protest that a consciousness and utterly irreverent people will, of necessity, dig their own grave with their own vices, while a conscientious nation of free men and free women must, in the order of nature, triumph over every obstacle in the path of their development, and eventually attain to the highest rank among the races of the earth.

The freedom we crave, unless we are lunatics, is not liberty (more correctly, hateful license), to indulge to excess our lowest impulses, and so conduct ourselves that wanton debauchery is regarded as pleasure. We ask no liberty to trample on the rights of others, and build up personal doctrines of prodigious size at the expense of every sentiment of justice and humanity. If we would be free indeed, our prayer must ever be for grace and strength to know and love the noblest way, and that way is the path of unselfish co-operation in decided contrast to grasping soulless competition.

Let us for a few moments consider the sentiment of gratitude as an important factor in moral and spiritual education. Prayer is always more or less selfish, doubtful and discontented; it has its place and is often very necessary and blessedly effective, but supplication and intercession are not the highest outpourings of the human heart. In human life, in social and family relations, no one thinks the petitioner the loveliest or grandest person; the child who is constantly crying for something makes by no means so charming a picture as the little darling who rushes to a parent's knee overwhelmed with gratitude for favors received. On Christmas, among what sights can be fairer than that of a group of eager little ones running into their parents' rooms before they are out of bed to thank them for the beautiful and numerous contents of the proverbial stocking filled in the night by Santa Claus, that mysterious patron of childhood, who, as years roll by, is soon rightfully acknowledged as papa and mamma and other kind and thoughtful relatives and friends. Without gratitude life would be a dreary, sad monotone, and the world a wretched, colorless waste. Could we not pour out our souls in thankfulness for blessings received all the real sweetness of living would be totally absent from our careers.

If thanksgiving is higher than prayer and more enduring than any other form of devotion, may we not regard Thanksgiving Day as one of the most precious, inspiring and reasonable of all the heirlooms bequeathed by ancestors to living posterity? In Southern California it is needless to number up the many natural advantages for which inhabitants and visitors alike have reason to give thanks. The Bay of Naples, world-renowned as

it justly is, is no more beautiful than that of San Diego; and the San Diegan has indeed many causes for gratitude which the Neapolitan has not, for despite its surpassing loveliness of situation and the superb grandeur of many of its edifices, Naples presents in many places a heart-sickening spectacle of disease and degradation; ignorance, suffering and pestilence abound in many of its squalid parts, while here on the fair Pacific coast no fatal incubus born of old-world vice and ignorance is as yet present to mar the beauty of the scene to any appreciable degree, still, even here, all is not as spotless as it might be, and while tales of vice and wretchedness are often intensely exaggerated, it is now high time that citizens of these rapidly growing southern cities should prevent by nipping in its early bud those incentives to pollution which are not altogether absent on this most lovely coast.

Do not let it be said of Southern California, as Bishop Heber declared concerning the loveliest spice islands of the Eastern Archipelago, that while "every prospect pleases, only man is vile." Man is not vile now on this beautiful seaboard. Man, though not perfect is perfectible, and it needs but comparatively little effort in a new country before bad customs are established, before precedent is made to justify abuses, to train up the young child of a dawning civilization in the way it should go, so that in years of maturity it will be confirmed in good and not in evil.

One of the most important and encouraging lessons of life may always be drawn from the saddest view of human condition. Pessimism, though the polar opposite of optimism may nevertheless afford an incentive to the wise optimism to carry out reform on lines indicated by the not altogether unreasonable mind of the most depressed and depressing pessimist. "Is marriage a failure?" has been asked and answered thousands of times in the past few months, both affirmatively, negatively and doubtfully, and to what end has been the discussion of this vital subject, if a free ventilation of all sorts of theories and experiences connected with it has not led the public mind to discover why marriage is a failure, when it is and how it need not be a failure in the future if it is at present. Notice should never be taken of error, except with a definite view of learning how to correct it, just as good housekeepers should discover dirt and disorder not to mourn over but to remove it, and as wise teachers notice bad manners in their pupils, only to seize the opportunity to offer the contrast and lead them to eschew evil by following the good presented and held up for imitation.

There can be no doubt that one of the greatest blessings for which we have reason to be thankful, is the opportunity constantly afforded us to better our condition. We are so constituted that mere *havings* in an external sense affords us no real enjoyment, as we may legally own much that we can neither use nor appreciate, therefore it is practically worthless to us. *Possession*, in the apostolic sense of the word, signified appreciation, and in that sense we can possess everything, though we may have nothing. Who owns the climate on the bay of San Diego? Who owns the splendid sunrise or the gorgeous sunset? Who claims to have as his private property the ten thousand and one advantages afforded by a situation of unsurpassed and almost unequalled beauty; and yet how fully every one who has the faculty to enjoy may truly possess everything contributive to man's moral, mental and physical development.

In a new country the earliest impulse is unfortunately far too much toward private and unfair ownership of land and other property which is rightfully the heritage of all men equally. Inflated and unhealthy booms are followed by periods of depression; gold and land fevers rage and burn out, leaving the people prostrated because of the insatiable competitive greed which seems to possess as though it were a devil, the minds and affections of men. If you could but in the future steer clear of landsharks and other unprincipled adventurers, if you can but refrain from setting a fictitious value upon morsels of the soil, if you can but conjure competition and substitute co-operative industry, the resources of this State and neighborhood will indeed in more senses than one fully justify the appellation "golden." The view we want you all to take of the marvelous predictions concerning the future of Southern California is, that they are verily

prophecies made by persons who have in some manner gauged the resources of the land and foreseen its future; but all great developments are comparatively leisurely in the method of their accomplishment, and we may draw an illustration from nature familiar to all to apply the idea as plainly and forcibly as possible.

Often when traveling in a district where the air is particularly pure you see a splendid range of lofty mountains apparently within a mile or two of your railway carriage; the train stops at some roadside station and you think if you could only delay your journey two or three hours you could easily walk to those hills and back again. Asking some one acquainted with the geography and of the district how far off those mountains are, he tells you fifty miles at least. You stare at him with open-eyed incredulity. "Fifty miles!" you exclaim; "why they cannot possibly be five; I could walk that distance in an hour." Your informant smiles at your mistake. Many another traveler has said just what you have said, and with fully as much sincerity of conviction. The only reply you get to your expression of indignant protest is a reiteration of the first. I tell you they are fifty miles away at least. Now, supposing you set out to walk the distance and let the train move on, you forget time and all else in the exhilaration of the scene and moment, and it is only when night begins to fall and you seem further from instead of nearer to those very real and yet deceptive heights only when darkness hides them from you and you find yourself alone in the desert that your courage fails, and then you begin to doubt everything and bitterly rue the moment, when heedless of all advice you chose to follow your blind and baseless expectation of reaching the mountains in an hour or so. During the night, if the moon is hidden, and clouds obscure the sky, the heights remain unseen, and instead of thinking them so near, it may appear to your overwrought fancy that there are no mountains, and you are the victim of hallucination, but after awhile the morning breaks, sunrise is glorious, the stately hills again appear in more than their former grandeur. You are in reality, several miles nearer to them than you were the day before, but your experience has begun to teach you that rash precipitancy is a terrible mistake. The Beulah land and Celestial city, are ever before the Pilgrim in Bunyan's story, but the bright and glorious land of promise is like the Hebrew Canaan, a long march in the wilderness antedates the fulfillment of prophetic expectation.

Clothed in the hyperbolic language, so common at the orient, the historians of Judea have recorded the fact that it was fully forty years after their exodus from Egypt, before even the first stone was laid in the edifice of Hebrew national greatness; and is it wonderful to-day, if discouragements and defeats, perils expected and unexpected, arise to thwart the onward progress of the enthusiastic pioneer? Is it wonderful that the history of California since 1849, has been a mingled story of successes and disappointments, joyful surprises and bitter regrets? The tendency to exaggeration, a disposition to accumulate wealth with no commensurate effort, and a jealous suspicion of one's neighbors, may be classed as the three chief obstacles in the way of true civilized prosperity, the world over. The centralization of wealth, the rapid increase in the number of millionaires, the ever-increasing power and size of a few gigantic and well-nigh soulless corporations, may be all attributed to a lack of mutual confidence, and an absence of fraternal interest. Co-operation is possible only when *our* welfare, not *mine*, is the object of search. Communities, no matter how well planned, have fallen into ruin through selfish persons desiring to enter upon the results of others' labors, without working themselves.

Mutual distrust and a spirit of rivalry between places, parties and individuals, are the main causes of the little temporary depression and reaction from the boom, which has already visited Southern California, but is now happily passing away. California is not too far from the Atlantic Coast in these days of rapid and delightful transit, to attract thousands of visitors every month in the year, who if well treated, will become permanent settlers on this coast.

The east is continually seeking an out-

Continued on Eighth Page.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)
"Hoodwinked!" Birds of Jove.

"We all know the history of so-called Modern Spiritualism," increased in enormous proportions until now so complete have the workings of the trickery become, that some of our wisest men and even judges, are hoodwinked."—Sermon of Rev. M. M. Gibson, of the U. P. Church, San Francisco.

It is said that Joseph Jefferson Esq., assigned as a reason for playing "Rip Van Winkle" almost exclusively during a number of years, the fact that ere it had lost its charms for the audiences of to-day, another generation of spectators had arrived upon the scene, to be amused, entertained, and thrilled by the simple and touching dramatic idyll of the Dutchman's prolonged slumber in the Catskills. The "Three R's," 'readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic,' never grow old. The school-boy and school-girl, trudging with satchel, books, and slate, will always be with us.

Recent investigators of Spiritualism, of all ages, classes, and conditions, "are abroad." "The woods are full of them." The cause, of late, has been signally blest with free advertisements by the press and clergy. Earnest, thoughtful inquirers and observers are constrained to believe that when there is so much misrepresentation and persecution, the object thereof must possess some merit. These recruits, of whom the robust portion will, twenty years hence, bear the heat and burden of the day, are asking, "Why these priestly fears?" We are yet in the primary school. Please inform us if Spiritualism has enshrined any saints or apostles. If not, who are these "Wise men and Judges" to whom reference is made by the Reverend Gibson?

Answer. "Spiritualism in America is represented by names that are as highly respected as they are well known." Some of them have already migrated to the beautiful Summer-land. Among these distinguished persons are Robert Hare, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania; Professor Bush; James J. Mapes, L.L. D., Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the National Academy of Design, Vice President of the American Institute, Honorary Member of the Scientific Institute of Brussels, of the Royal Society of St. Petersburg, and of the Geographical Society of Paris; N. P. Talmadge, ex-United States Senator and Governor of Wisconsin; President Lincoln; Secretary Stanton; Judge Ladd; J. W. Edmonds, ex-State Senator and Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York; Hiram Powers, the eminent sculptor; Rev. Dr. J. B. Ferguson; Rev. John Pierpont; Mrs. Davis, wife of a former Governor of Massachusetts; Catherine Sedgewick and Alice and Phoebe Carey; Whittier, the poet; William Lloyd Garrison; Robert Dale Owen; Epes Sargent, author, and Editor of the *Boston Transcript*; Professor Denton, the Geologist; Professor Corson, of Cornell University; Hudson Tuttle, Author of "Arcana of Nature" and other noble works; Rev. Samuel Watson, D. D.; Mrs. Lippincott, more generally known as "Grace Greenwood"; ex-Senators Wade, Harris and Fitch; General N. P. Banks; Trowbridge the Astronomer; William Mountford, and a host of others.

In Great Britain the list of distinguished persons who have adopted this philosophy is as extended as with us. Among them are Drs. Elliotson, Ashburner, and Robert Chalmers; Cardinal Wiseman; Archbishop Whately; Lord Brougham, who partially accepted it; Lord Lyndhurst; Sir Charles Napier; Sir Roderick Murchison; Professor De Morgan, the distinguished mathematician; Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning; William M. Thackeray, the novelist; Alfred R. Wallace, the eminent naturalist, who shares with Darwin the honor of having originated the theory of evolution by natural selection as the origin of species; Professor William Gregory, of the Edinburgh University; Professor Gunning, the geologist; Professor Herbert Mayo; William Crookes, the leading chemist of Great Britain, and Editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, who has made the brilliant discovery of the motive power of light, which threatens to explode the accepted undulatory theory and confirm and restore the emission theory of the immortal Newton; Mr. Cox, the well known London barrister, and Dr. Huggins, the latter eminent for his discoveries in spectrum analysis and astronomy, both admit the phenomena and confirm nearly all the conclusions of Professor Crookes; Cromwell F. Varley, the distinguished electrician; Mr. Harrison, President of the Ethnological Society of England; Dr. George Sexton, one of the ablest speakers and writers in that country; William and Mary Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Harriet Martineau, all distinguished authors and writers; T. A. Trollope, the novelist; Gerald Massey, the poet; Ruskin, Tennyson, Dr. William Hichman, of London; the Countess of Caithness; Count de Medina Pomar; Lords Lytton, Lindsay, Dunraven, and Adair; Ladies Paulet, Power, Eardley, Shelley, and Hon. Mrs. Cowper; Sir Charles Isham, Bart., etc. The Queen also is a Spiritualist.

In France there are M. Guizot and M. Sibour, the Archbishop of Paris; Leon Favre, Jules Favre, Victor Hugo, M. M. Leon, the Marquis de Mirville, Camille Flammarion, the distinguished astronomer, who has published a work in which the doctrines of Spiritualism are openly advocated; Delarue, the geologist; Dr. Puel,

physiologist and botanist; Dr. Hædke, author of "History of Chemistry," and others.

In Germany we have Johann Carl Friedrich Zöllner, Professor of Physical Anatomy at the University of Leipzig, Member of the Royal Saxon Society of Sciences, Foreign Member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, of the Imperial Academy of Natural Philosophers at Moscow, Honorable Member of the Physical Association at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and of the Scientific Society of Psychological Studies, at Paris; Baron Reichenbach, the discoverer of od, or odic force; Herman Goldschmidt, the discoverer of fourteen planets; and Prince Emile de Sayn Wittgenstein. In Austria, Baron and Baroness Von Vay. In Russia, the late Czar, and Alexander Aksakof, Imperial Councillor. In Italy, Mazzini, Gavazzi, and Garibaldi. Baron Reichenbach, who made the brilliant and highly important discovery of od, and who vainly endeavored in the light that science affords, to demonstrate its true character, and to arrive at some explanation of the peculiar conditions upon which his sensitives depended for their wonderfully acute perceptions, in his later years, upon witnessing some striking spiritual phenomena, devoted his attention to Spiritualism, and afterwards embraced it, and acknowledged that only in the light of its philosophy could he hope for a solution of the important questions that had for so many years occupied his capacious and active mind.

The preceding list has been derived chiefly from Dr. Eugene Crowell's volumes on "The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," and although it is only the fragment of a long unwritten catalogue, it presents such a formidable array of evidence, that the words of the text, uttered by Brother Gibson, appear superlatively ridiculous. Our black terrier, Towzer, is reposing on his haunches, at our side, and as we rehearse to him our lines, he scents the incongruity, looks up significantly into our weather eye, wags his bushy tail, smiles, and speaks between a bark and a long-drawn whine. Why did not our Heavenly Father confer immortality upon the dog?

This morning, in the columns of the daily press, is a telegram relating to Alfred Tennyson, England's Poet Laureate, whose name was published in the preceding list, thirteen years ago. As it may be of interest to some of the good readers of the GOLDEN GATE and to investigators who may be remote, and to whom, otherwise, it might not be accessible, it is submitted herewith:

"CHICAGO, Dec. 5.

The *Tribune* this morning says: It is well known among the higher scientific circles of England that the Spiritualists made a few years ago rapid and remarkable progress. Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the principles of natural selection, Professor Crookes, the eminent chemist, on whom the French Academie des Sciences conferred a gold medal with an honorarium of 3000 francs for his discoveries in molecular physics, Sergeant Cox, the noted physicist, and Professor Huxley himself, a skeptic of skeptics, were concerned in a series of experiments, chiefly with the medium Home, which attracted wide attention at the time. None of the scientists could explain the phenomena produced through the medium, and the report made by Professor Crookes is held by professors of Spiritualist belief as an overwhelming testimony to its genuineness.

The name of the poet Tennyson has never been connected with Spiritualism. A letter written by him has come into possession of the *Tribune*, which shows that he holds the conviction that the consciousness may pass from the body and hold communion with the dead. This is essentially Spiritualism, but in Tennyson's case, at least so far as the letter indicates, he is his own medium. The statement he makes is curious. It was written to a gentleman who communicated to him certain strange experiences he has when passing from under the effect of anæsthetics. Tennyson writes: "I have never had any revelations through anæsthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for want of a better name) I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself, till all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life."

"As if conscious of the incredible significance of this statement, he adds: 'I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words?'"

"This is the most emphatic declaration that the spirit of the writer is capable of transferring itself into another existence, almost at will, and that the other existence is not only real, clear, simple, but that it is also infinite in vision and eternal in duration. For, he continues, when he comes back to 'sanity' he is ready to fight for the truth of his experience, and that he holds it—the spirit—whose separate existence he thus repeatedly tests, will last for eons and eons."

San Francisco, Cal., December 6, 1888.

We honor our ancestors when we live better, think better, and do better than they did. That is a false veneration that builds a ship after the model of the Mayflower; that erects a house of Puritan architecture; that lives as they did in our grandfather's days. Our forefathers showed their sense when they respected their own ideas. Life is progress; the world must be emancipated from models. Candles may be run in moulds, but not human beings.—L. K. Washburn.

All life is but a step towards peace. Sometimes when men live to be very old, peace begins for them before they have crossed the threshold. To others it comes later, but to all good men and women it comes at last.—H. Marion Crawford.

Real friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)
Pensumbral Sketches.—No. 2.

Seth E. Brown and I were very intimate and for many years. We were joint occupants of an office in the old State House at the head of State street, and we had much business together, and much social intercourse. Brown was not a Spiritualist, and until we occupied the same office, he had paid no attention to the subject, and never was an acknowledged believer. We were together as tenants of the office for five or six years. I never attempt to convert people to Spiritualism. I believe it to be a matter of experience and not of argument. I always hoist my colors, and everybody who knows me, knows I belong to that "under dog" institution. I simply know that it is based on truth. I have sometimes thought it would have been more for my interest to have thought more and said less, but that mistake can't be helped now, and I have the pleasant feeling in my own soul that the light has come into the world and has come to stay, and all will come to the knowledge of its truth, here, or hereafter, and those are lucky in a soul or spiritual sense, who come to its knowledge here; but if they do not, I don't feel it any concern of mine. Though I never argue the point with an outsider, I only try, if they mean business, to put them in the way of getting the light, or the sensuous proof that man does not die when his body does.

Many people have visited me in my office, many of whom have been Spiritualists, and my neighbor Brown has often seen them and listened with some interest to our talks on the subject, and gradually learned to have a respect for the subject, and was surprised to see so many intelligent people who believed in it, when he had always thought it a weak superstition; gradually he got interested in the subject, went so far as to say it ought to be true, if it was not. Sometimes after an interview with some of our saints, he and I would continue the conversation which more and more interested him but never so much as to convert him. When with me alone he would seem to be quite a believer, but his business brought him in contact with so many hard-heads and money-bags, that he seemed to like the situation of an outsider, and yet he was interested in the subject and respected it because he respected me, and being of the opinion that I was a man of brains and culture; and I was, relatively, to the men of trade that he and I came generally in contact with. He was first surprised that I was one of the deluded Spiritualists, and afterwards found the truth of the trite saying, "Where there is brains there is heresy," and so found through me, many a believer in our *ism* who did not come under the class of fools.

During the last two or three years that we were together in the office we had many familiar talks on the subject and at the end of every one he said, "Well, John, we will know some day whether it is true," meaning that death would be an eye-opener, "and when I die," said he, "I will come and rap the fact to you and let you know that I am alive," and I always said ditto. "I am older than you are and may die first and I know I will be alive and will come back and manifest the fact to you." I suppose we made this promise mutually two hundred times. It was always the end of our conversation, "We shall know some day for certain and I will make a point to report myself."

When the old State House was taken for city use as a depository for its mementoes, I took an office by myself, and he took one also, but we were still often together. He only lived about a year and died one morning in his office suddenly, by some heart disease, or apoplexy. As he had repeated his promise the very week he died when he appeared as likely to live as I did, his sudden death made me say, "Well now, will he do as he agreed to?" From my experience I thought it doubtful, but I thought, we will see.

Near two years after his death, when the fact was almost forgotten, two friends from R. I. called on me, having an afternoon to spare, and said, "We want to go to some medium and you must go with us," and I thought of Helen Berry as it was her dark circle afternoon and we attended that; my two friends with some fifteen others sat around an extension table and all got some good tests, for it was a good, respectful harmonious circle. My two friends were entire strangers, and under the circumstances got remarkable tests, one of them in particular, got the best I ever heard of, but I do not propose to speak of them, but the circumstance that connects with this article. While I was sitting by the side of Miss Berry, holding her right hand, and my friend on the other side holding her left hand and the hands of all the others joined, nobody in the circle room except those seated around the table, a somewhat vigorous patting I felt on my head and I said, Is that Ralph Huntington? And the hand patted once, which means no; and I went on mentioning all the near relatives and friends, and to each came the answer, no; then I had to extend my circle of names mentioning the name of every deceased friend I could think of, I got the negative response every time and I seemed to exhaust my list and had to think to remember one, when all of a sudden the name of Seth E. Brown popped into my mind,

and before I had time to utter it, it was violently recognized by three raps, which meant yes. "Well," says I, "is it you?" without mentioning the name, and I was pounded on my head and punched in my back, that I had no question of his presence. A little later when the light was turned on, there were several written communications on the table for others and myself, which I am sure were written without human hands, and one of them read thus: "John, I believe it now, Seth E. Brown." So in this case, the spirit was as good as his word, and Seth is the only one of many in my experience, who have put in their promised appearance in a definite and business-like manner.

This reminds me also of a message through Miss Shelhamer of the *Banner* from my friend Brown, which was quite lengthy referring to circumstances, which perfectly identified the message, and in it he refers to the fact above, related as follows: "I thought the time had come when I must, agreeable to my promise, communicate to friends on earth—and I have done so in brief before to-day. I have succeeded in giving intimations of my presence and in making myself known to a certain extent, and to-day I am happy to be able to speak." This letter came soon after the manifestation to which I have referred at Miss Berry's, and it said at the close, "You may call me Seth E. Brown." In the letter he refers to me as his friend John, and at that time I was intimate with and had a high opinion of *Banner of Light* dynamics, and I am sure that the pythonesque of that venerable, paper, did not know, and had never heard of this friend of mine, and of his intimacy with me.

Mrs. Crossette in San Jose.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Sunday morning, December 9th, at 11 o'clock, the services of the Spiritual Union, at G. A. R. Hall, opened by an instrumental solo, delicately executed by Miss Kitching, after which an invocation, offered by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, who immediately followed with a stirring discourse on the subject of "Intemperance," of which the following is a brief synopsis: "Looking about over nature on a calm, bright day, all things are attuned to harmony, but when the sky is overcast with clouds, tumult reigns on every hand. After the storm, we see that its force has uprooted mighty trees; we feel that the hand of evil is abroad, and destruction rules the hour. But we find that with it comes moisture to the parched earth; the rock melts away and is converted into soil. "So, turning to the human soul from nature's book, witnessing the seething, surging tide of vice and woe in our midst, we cry out in despair, 'Can there be a God so kind as to save?' When, from the clouds, a voice speaks to some strong, brave soul: 'Man the life-boat!' And, joining with his comrades, they rescue from the fury of the blasts some sinking fellow-man."

"Aye, to-day, there is hanging over this nation a cloud intensely dark. You look all along the streets and you see the yawning mouths of the saloons ready to suck down into their great maws our tenderly loved ones, and you wonder what can be done. You are struggling to know what can be done, and how to do it. To drive out this demon we must go back to the beginnings of life. We see how tenderly the mother moulds the young life."

"It goes from the home-roof amid flowery life-paths, or into the weary and cruel desert of vice. The prayer from the mother-heart arises for the safety of her child; but all too calmly comes back the reply: 'I can take care of myself.'"

"You who would hastily snatch a loved one from the pistol's contents, from the point of the dagger, from the verge of the precipice, can you not be your brother's keeper by aiding this mother's protective power, by adding the strong arm of duty to hers of faith? You say, 'I cannot so jeopardize my standing.' But, my friend, if you hold yourself like a ray of light from the sun, to warm and brighten such, you have given nothing away but have received; and you can only accomplish your object by placing the error of the struggling one on one side, and his self-hood on the other. Take away all the stumbling blocks from his pathway; not for credit, not for fame, but in the name of truth, work hand in hand."

"Do you know why you are so weak? You care too much for a name. Until you put all aside but the manhood and womanhood that must be ministered unto, you shall find your work a failure."

"They must first find rest, be clothed and fed; lying in the dust they know not what there is in life for them. Lift them up, you who know the human right to self-protection. It is no more abominable than to pour liquid fire down the throats of the innocent."

"You who vote, close every grog-shop in the land: You who are strong, are the ones to clear the way."

"Go back to the infant life and ask if there is stamped in the plastic mind of childhood, the predisposition to a downward career. So much more is such an one prepared to contaminate his companions."

"Then if you have learned this riddle of life, it is within yourselves to warn them, and cleanse all the moral atmosphere around. That Divinity within you, has pointed out a way by which you can aid in saving souls from the strand of human wreckage."

"Remember there are weaker ones beneath you. Lift them up. Then shall you see the light of a peace the world has never known before, and all shall be radiant with glory. Here at least, you shall hold yourselves holy temples of the Living God."

"When you stand as impediments, all beneath you are kept in the surging waves of vice; but if you labor united, with one purpose, the uplifting of the creature to the image of the Creator, where despair now reigns, sunshine shall take the place of darkness, and earth shall be to us a heaven."

The speaker closed with the recital of a touching incident that came recently under her own observation.

The audience was at the close favored with a vocal solo, sweetly rendered by Miss Miller entitled, "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs." Before dispersing there was a social handshaking of from ten to fifteen minutes. MRS. A. J. KNOWLES.
 SAN JOSE, Dec. 10, 1888.

Another Prodigy.

About fifty physicians and a number of ladies listened to-day in wonderment to the blind child prodigy, Oscar Moore, a three-year-old child who has a most remarkable memory. The boy is about the color of copper, and his features are regular, but his lips are quite thick. The head is not of a remarkable shape, with the possible exception, perhaps, of a rather abnormal development at the back of the head. On the whole the child has no outward remarkable feature about him. His sightless eyes are slightly crossed. Dr. Cleveger, who has taken great interest in this remarkable case, gave a brief history of the boy, who was born in Waco, Tex., August 19, 1885. At the age of two years he began to show signs of his remarkable mental powers, and in less than three months he was able to answer almost as many questions as he is now master of.

"What was the population of Chicago in 1880?" asked a physician.

"The population of Chicago in 1880," said the child, then he hesitated for a moment, but suddenly straightened up and clasping his hands together, said in a shrill, juvenile voice, "the population of Chicago in 1880 was 503,485."

The boy gave the exact populations of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and other cities, and many without the least hesitation. He counted from one to ten in French, German, Danish, Polish, Russian, Greek, Latin and Chinese. Then he switched off and answered more geographical questions and gave correct answers to some puzzling questions in history.

The audience, which was now thoroughly amazed at the great mental power displayed, was doubly astonished when, in answer to request for a speech on the tariff, the lad at once broke forth and made a very good speech in defense of protection. After some more questions the boy recited several poems and sang a song or two. After two hours of steady talk the boy said that he was not fatigued in the least.

CHICAGO, December 5, 1888.

The great business of a man is to improve his mind and govern his manners; all other projects and pursuits, whether in our power to compass or not, are only amusements.—Pliny.

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A Singular Case.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

There is a medium next door to us who is controlled by his brother. One can hardly tell which occupies his physical body the most, him or his brother—he hops in and out so quick, and stays with him so much. I call it a most remarkable case of reincarnation, for he has reincarnated himself in the brother's organism so perfectly that he guides his every act of life, and he dares not disobey him for fear of the consequences, which at times have been severe, in order to conquer him, for he was determined to never be a medium, at all hazards. But he had to give in at last, and own up to the facts of spirit return. His brother passed away ten years ago, while yet a young man, and the last few years he has been working on his brother with a determination to fully control him, and a grand success he has made of it, in spite of his determination not to be controlled. He controls him as quick as you can wink your eye, and talks intelligently on any subject you may bring up, and makes up poetry as he goes along on any thing he pleases, or you call for. Harry Lathbrook is the medium's name. He was lately married, and with his little wife, rented a cottage very near us. His brother has controlled him night and day since, half the time, and has been the means of making them both very much wiser and better every way. Everything he asks them to do proves for the best, though they cannot see it at the time, and often get out of patience with him for making them do what they don't wish to do. In short, it is the most perfect control of the human organism I ever saw, and the most perfect proof of reincarnation, for he says he has come to stay, and why not, when he takes them out of any place where he happens to be and takes them home. Controls him at his work, on the street, or at any place or time he chooses, and makes him do what he wants him to.

Harry and his wife say they would not part with him now for all the world. They attend our Intuitive Seance Circle, and the control often gets into arguments with some other control, or some one at the circle, but he makes his points clear and concise, to the merriment of those present, and often gives us ideas to our advantage, and says he has a great work for his brother to do. His wife will sit down to the piano, and Harry immediately goes under control and makes up rhymes, which he sings and keeps time with her music by the hour. His rhymes are sometimes funny, or sad, or serious, as he takes the notion. He often shows himself to Harry, and whispers in his ear what he wants him to do. Harry says he knows it is his brother, for he sees him with him at all hours. When he walks out, he sees him walking by his side. He often shows him things, and he gets frightened at times, and keeps the light burning at night on account of his timidity.

If we knew how hard our spirit friends were working for our welfare, perhaps we would watch our inner self more, and heed its warning. They try hard to entice us with good thoughts, that we may be led into pastures green, and pluck the golden fruit that lies all around us. The light of truth shines for every human being, and only needs our careful study and consideration to have it endure to our happiness. Then our unfoldment in spiritual knowledge broadens and deepens, and we learn our duty to mankind. We learn when we do a kindness to another, it does not only help that one, but it helps to make us happy. We learn when we try to injure others, we injure ourselves. We learn to live up to the truth that makes our pathway bright and cheerful, and fills our soul with love and joy.

We heard a very interesting lecture and poems last evening at Grand Army Hall, which was highly instructive, by Miss Downer, if I remember rightly, her lecture and poems were chosen by the audience. The hall was well filled and the audience seemed highly entertained. She gave us hopes of speaking for us soon. Surely, San Jose will be favored with good talent through this medium, and Mrs. Crosette, who already has established herself here, until the first of March. She is improving in her lectures, and bids fair to be one of the best speakers here on the coast. May the good angels bless her and make her life happy as it is, as it deserves to be, for she is honest, pure and good.

MARY E. BARKER.

SAN JOSE, DEC. 10, 1888.

At the New Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Notwithstanding the almost continuous down-pour of rain on Sunday, the new hall in the Murphy building, lately dedicated by the medium, Mrs. E. R. Herbert, to the cause of Spiritualism, was too small to accommodate the people. The subject for a conference was, "What Has Spiritualism Done for the World?" and was well handled by spirits and mortals.

The guides of Mrs. Herbert showed how it had gone into all the departments of life, from the cradle to the grave, and how it might save individuals from sickness and loss of material wealth, and at the same time console and strengthen in

the hour of the departure of a dear friend to the other life. In short, the spirit declared it was everything that life was worth living for, and in death it was a mighty power, robbing the grave of all its traditional superstition and darkness by revealing the new-born and ever living spirit as a tangible reality to mortal sense, etc.

This was followed by Mrs. Price, who, in an able manner, justified the claims of the spirit, and delineated to some extent how Spiritualism had come to her as a medium, and the many benefits derived from listening to the voice of her angel guides, etc.

The tests given at the close of the meeting were of a convincing nature, and undoubtedly of a high order of development. All but one were recognized by the audience. Also one of the newly developed test mediums gave many written communications from spirits to their friends in the audience.

After the close of the meeting the entire audience joined in a circle for physical manifestations in the dark, but owing to the large circle, together with the imperfect screening of the light from the room, no definite results were attained from the spirits, but they expect very soon to be able to again clothe themselves in mortal habiliments, and by so doing convince the doubting ones they live beyond death's portals.

Next Sunday, as usual, there will be a conference at 2 P. M., followed by tests by Mrs. Herbert, with good music. Also at 8 P. M. another meeting in which some of the new mediums will take a part in speaking and giving tests of spirit return, etc. All are invited.

A. M. S.

Spiritualism in San Diego.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

There was, when the writer left two weeks ago, a movement on foot to unite the two societies, and, by subscriptions, build a cheap but servicable structure for the use of Spiritualists. Early in the boom two wealthy Spiritualists bought two lots, one hundred feet square, in a good locality for Spiritualists, but, for obvious reasons, kept them in their own names. They are willing to lease them at a nominal rental to carry out the aforesaid plan. Whether this enterprise will be realized remains to be seen.

As a matter of course, Mr. Colville had good audiences, and made a favorable impression.

Mr. Ravlin had at times good audiences, but is not appreciated as he deserves, nor afforded a fair support. It will be deplorable if he is driven to other fields.

The writer was in court several times during the week of Mrs. Reynolds' celebrated trial, and also read the reports in the daily papers. I have no disposition to deal in personalities, or be unkind towards any one, but when a person has been before the public as a medium for a decade, and before the courts often, the good of the Cause may justify comments. From careful, personal observation of the case for a period of ten years, the diagnosis of the case has led to this conclusion: Mrs. Reynolds has strong mediumistic powers, and when her aura is favorable, and the audience furnishes strong aura with no distracting elements, very marked spiritual manifestations appear. But this is exhausting to the medium, and can only occur at rare intervals. There is a class of Spiritualists who witness these true manifestations and jump to the conclusion that all manifestations are genuine, and as is apt to be the case with people who are in the wrong, they get angry with those who differ from them.

On the other hand, investigators see what they know to be fraudulent presentations, and jump equally far to the conclusion that all phenomena claiming to be spiritualistic, are fraudulent, and all Spiritualists easy dupes.

As often happens, the truth lies between these extremes. And it is necessary to cultivate a habit of careful observation, and, as far as possible, a scientifically trained mind to sift the grains of truth from the mass of chaff.

Some editors, who should know better, took the ground that the proof of this fraud proved all spiritual manifestations fraudulent. Do they suppose that such eminent scientists as Alfred R. Wallace, the co-discoverer of the law of evolution with Darwin, and Frederick Zoellner, professor of astronomy in the University of Leipsic, and Prof. Elliott Coues, of the Smithsonian Institute, could, in their extensive investigations of Spiritualism, be deceived by a few cheap tricks oflegerdemain?

There seems to be in human beings a natural love for that which is spectacular and sensational in its character. We can excuse this in the young, but it is surprising that mature people give themselves up to this fascination, and go month after month to gaze by the hour on these cheap exhibitions, presented by the use of masks, false hair and other disguises, and spirits personated by girls, young and old, slipped in through movable mopboards and panels. These exhibitions, that ought to be seen through by children ten years old, are gazed upon with rapture, and valuable real estate given for the privilege.

The writer long indulged the hope that Spiritualism would develop a systematic cult to assist in the moral and spiritual development of the people, superior to the churches, but so far it has not, and unless

it can develop moral stamina enough to eliminate such immoralities, it will not gain the respect of those whose respect is valuable, and retain the best class of those who would gladly be among spiritual workers.

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Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PUBLISHING AND FORWARDING COMPANY," 41

First Building, Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

THOMAS J. ADAMS, President; L. C. STEELE, Vice-President; W. H. YEAN, E. W. STEELE, and J. J. OWEN, Trustees.

J. J. OWEN, Editor and Manager; Mrs. M. P. OWEN, Secretary and Assistant; R. B. HALL, General Agent; L. B. KENTLAND, Special Agent for Los Angeles.

TERMS:—\$1.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.00 or six months. Clubs of five (mailed or separate addresses), \$5.00, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE, First Building, San Francisco, Cal."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

What a barren waste is that human life that blossoms with no generous deeds,—where the rippling laughter of childhood is never heard, and the sweet voice of love makes no melody in the soul. Better to bear the burdens of poverty for aye, better sickness and sorrow and even death itself, if but the beautiful hope of life beyond and the tender sympathy of one true heart be left.

"The greatest of these"—of the three Christian graces—"is charity." "Faith may be lost to sight"—so reads a certain ritual,—"hope ends in fruition, but charity extends beyond the grave throughout the boundless realm of eternity." How grandly beautiful is the spirit star-gemmed with this divine light! How its heavenly rays permeate human life! How they enrich and ripen the spirit and draw it close within the great loving arms of Infinite Love.

Nature demands implicit obedience of all her children. She will have no "talking back," no questioning of her ways or purposes, save but to bring the questioner into truer harmony with law. The sooner man learns this lesson and adopts it as the rule of his life, the better it will be for his happiness. The avalanche that sweeps down the mountain side is utterly merciless, but no more so than the inexorable laws that govern human life. Poison kills just as certainly when administered by mistake as when taken with suicidal intent. Just in proportion as man is disobedient will he be unhappy.

It is impossible for one to hold great wealth in possession long unused, without closing the avenues of the spirit to those ennobling graces, those beautiful unfoldments, that distinguish right royal manhood from an intelligent animal. "Ye can not serve God and Mammon." He serves Mammon in selfishly getting, with no thought of generous giving. It is glorious to be able to give, when such ability finds a generous response in the soul. In the journey and struggle of life there are so many who are unable to bear their burdens alone—and then it so enlarges one's own soul to lend a helping hand to the weak—that it is truly grand to be strong, where strength is thus used for the good of others. But to be strong, to be rich, for one's self alone—ah, that is what shrinks the spirit.

What care we now for the pains we have suffered or the sorrows we have endured in the past. Is nature unkind or God cruel because sickness, pain and death is the common lot of humanity? Is the calamity of the cyclone, or the scourge that lays waste the habitations of men, an evidence of a malign influence at the helm of the Universe? Not at all. Should we not regard all such seeming evils as the efforts of Old Nature to evolve a perfect man? A hundred years from now, what will it matter to us what thorny paths we are now treading with bleeding feet? Shall we not then be able to see, in the clearer light of eternity, what now is hidden from our sight, and know of a verity that all is for the best? The child can not understand the wisdom of parental restraint; but there comes a time when it is made clear to him, and he recognizes it as a blessing in disguise.

Spiritualism is the one bright star that shines down into the stricken heart, radiating the entire being with the light of peace and hope. It spans the river of death with a rainbow arch of glory, along which tread the shining feet of angels. It broadens our outlook upon the physical plane of life and enables us to realize that it "is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." Before this new light, now streaming into the hearts and homes of humanity, the hideous phantoms of a false theology, founded in the barbarism of the race, must flee away. "The bottomless pit," like the great maelstrom of the Northern Coast, has been found to be a myth—the "impassable gulf" a hideous fantasy of a distorted brain. Spiritualism gives us a Being of infinite love at the head of the universe, and not a monster of implacable hate, who will "laugh at our calamity and mock when our fear cometh."

What will it matter to the corpse whether it be embalmed and given a resting place in some costly mausoleum, or whether it occupies some obscure six-feet of earth—whether it goes back into the elements to which it belongs in five years or five thousand. The mummies of Egypt's Kings make no better paper than those of her plebeian water-carriers, nor are they any more respected. The only monument that will survive the ravages of time, is the one we build in the hearts and memories of our fellow-beings.

There is but little use in trying to impress spiritual truths upon minds not ready to receive them. It is simply casting seed upon barren ground. Some skeptical persons seem to think that it is the imperative duty of Spiritualists to convince them of spiritual facts, to overcome them, as it were, with argument, and over-ride their objections. Not so. Let them wait until their hearts become tender with some great sorrow—until some bright light goes out of their lives, leaving their spirits palled in the gloom of the skeptic's grave. Then will they be ready to listen to the Voice that is ever ready to speak comfort and hope to the saddened heart, and open the way to a beautiful communion with their loved ones on the other shore.

SUMMERLAND NOTES.

The cost of recording deeds to lots in Summerland, will be \$1.70 for each conveyance, with 25 cents extra for each additional name expressed in the "part of the second part."

Mr. Williams came up from Summerland on Sunday last, and will remain until to-morrow, (Sunday) morning. He was kept busy throughout the week, executing deeds. Purchasers not claiming their deeds prior to his departure, can arrange to secure them with the editor of this journal. Mr. Williams will return the first week in January.

Persons not satisfied with their locations in Summerland, when they come to examine the property, or preferring other locations not disposed of, will be permitted to make a change of location, at the expense simply of a reconveyance.

The Spiritual Colony of Summerland is no longer a mere idea. Lots enough have been sold to insure its success; and a large number of buildings will be commenced as soon as the material can be placed upon the ground.

A grand sanitarium is one of the projects now under consideration by competent parties to be located at Summerland.

The interest taken in Summerland by Spiritualists, is shown by the fact that during this week while Mr. H. L. Williams has been in the city, he has executed over one hundred deeds, representing over 400 lots; those ordering from a distance require more time to get response to the request to send funds for their deeds.

The location of a Spiritualist Colony on the Pacific Coast, with the euphonious and expressive name of Summerland, has a much broader significance than may at first appear to the spiritualistic reader. In the first place, the point selected, a few miles east of Santa Barbara facing the south and the ocean, is one that cannot be excelled. In fact, the climate in this section, during the Summer, unlike that of the more exposed portions of the Coast, is quite as delightful as it is during our Winter months. The name would not be appropriate for a similar colony located anywhere upon the Atlantic Coast. As is well known, this Coast is the Mecca of climates for the world, and the Santa Barbara region is the gem portion of the Coast. Here we hope to center such spirit forces and attraction as, in time, will make Summerland a "light upon a hill," to the Spiritualists of the world.

MR. COLVILLE IN SAN DIEGO.

On Sunday, December 16th, W. J. Colville again addressed three large and intelligent audiences in National City and San Diego, where he remains till December 31st. On Sunday, December 23rd and 30th, he will lecture in Grange Hall, National City, at 10:45 A. M. In Lafayette Hall, 7th and D streets, San Diego, at 2:15 and 7:15 P. M. Special Christmas exercises, Monday, December 24th, at 7:30 P. M. Entertainment in South West Institute. Introductory lecture by W. J. Colville, on "Dickens's Christmas Card." Admission 10 cents. All proceeds to be given to poor children. Christmas day, grand musical service in Lafayette Hall, at 10:30 A. M. Lecture by W. J. Colville, "The True Weather, the Mission of Christmas," Mrs. Fairweather will open in selections from some of the leading operas, in full costume. The entire programme will be one of great excellence. On Sunday, December 30th, Christmas services will also be held.

W. J. Colville's present address is 1044 7th street, San Diego. He will speak in Los Angeles, December 31st, and January 1st and 2nd. He returns to San Francisco, January 4th, and will be received in Irving Hall that evening. His success in San Diego has been so great, that the friends there insisted on his outstaying his original engagement.

—W. J. Colville will commence a course of instruction in the Spiritual Science of Health and Healing, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Park street Alameda, Monday, January 7th, at 2:30 P. M. Also a course in Theosophy, in the Jewish Synagogue, Oakland, at 7:30 P. M. Terms \$2.50. Sunday services will be held in the synagogue at 3 o'clock P. M. The public are cordially invited. A collection will be taken up to defray expenses.

NEW BOOKS.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING: Its Principles and Practice. With full explanations for Home Students. Help for Mind, Body and Estate. By Francis Lord E. Fox and Proprietor of "Woman's World," Chicago, Ill.

Here is a work of nearly 500 pages on a subject that is attracting great attention throughout the enlightened world, viz., "Spiritual Science," which is a broader and more comprehensive term than the one given by Mrs. Lord, as it includes Christian Science and all that pertains to the nature of the spirit and its unfoldment. But the former name has its advantage in attracting a large and very worthy class of people who would be shocked at the thought that there is anything in this new "science" that belonged to Spiritualism. Mrs. Lord is acknowledged as an able writer and lecturer on this subject, and her book which flashes with the illumination of a bright spirit, will be read with interest by every true Spiritualist. There is but little pertaining to Spiritual Healing that is not ably treated in this book.

PLANETARY EVOLUTION: or the New Cosmogony. Being an Explanation of Planetary Growth and Life Energy, upon the basis of Chemical and Electrical Relations of the Elements of Nature.

A small book of 130 pages, with no name of author given, but chock full of food for thoughtful minds. It brings the careful reader under the influence of the teachings of life and unfoldment as understood by the brighter ones on the spirit side of life.

ILLUMINATED BUDDHISM: The True Nirvana. By Siddhartha, Sakya Muni.

A book of over 100 pages, concisely written and forcibly expressing the ideas and former teachings of the dictator, Siddhartha, Sakya Muni, or Gautama, the Buddha, whose likeness, by the aid of occult science, embellishes the front page. His ideas appear to be to elevate all humanity but especially the people of India, where he taught the spiritual ideas of this life when he was upon earth, some 500 years, B. C., which was, that the spirit, perfected from the desire of physical life and freed from the bondage of sensual passion, imbued with the principles of kindness and beneficence, and emancipated from the influence of anger or revenge, would escape all the necessities of any further embodiment upon earth and would have reached Nirvana. But after his passing away, the brahmimical priesthood perverted his teachings and led the people of India falsely, and thereby the superior enlightenment of India fell into decay, and it is upon that account Gautama has been instrumental in promulgating this work, a work that will richly repay any student in spiritual science to read.

MATURITY.

It requires but a slight variation from the common appearance and course of things to astonish and mystify a child. The world has passed through that stage when all occurrences that could not be at once explained, were deemed supernatural or satanical, and it was ready either to shrink away in dismay or attribute the unusual thing to some individual, called witch or wizard; in the latter case animal courage made it strong and it resorted to persecution to exorcise the spirit moving in its midst. But this is all past. The world has arrived at that state of maturity where it studies and reflects without fear or much prejudice, upon those things for which material science finds no rules nor laws. But for all this, there is very little harmony, though the discord and strife arise from sources mainly unknown in past ages, and is a natural result of each one thinking for him- or herself and having the liberty to express what they think. Wrongs and evils can not be remedied until they are detected and made clear to the masses, and the masses can not correct social and political errors until both sexes have equal political rights. Upon this political inequality hinges the greatest evils of the day; but because a few prosper in iniquity and become strong through money-power, the world must stand still and women suffer the disadvantages of Indians and criminals.

But this great intellectual agitation is not for nothing—will not be long in vain; it bodes ultimate good to the world's better half of humanity who shall yet make this world worth the living to all. We believe the power to right all wrongs comes from spiritual rather than material sources. The Spiritual Philosophy teaches that to wrong another is to wrong oneself two-fold, and since it is the only religion that does so teach, it is certainly the true one. Talmage says to take the life of another is a small crime compared to that of taking one's own life, and it logically follows that it is less sin to wrong another than to wrong self, for Talmage is good orthodox authority. That is the kind of religion that has actuated the world these hundreds of years, and we see it daily exemplified. But the spirit world teaches us better, and by and by it will be the religion of mankind. Then men will be just and liberal towards one another; there will be no class distinctions based upon material possessions, and no bigoted desire for domination one over another. Best of all, men will come to know they own nothing but soul attributes; that all other gains and acquisitions of worldly things belong to the earth, and therefore destined by natural law to become the inheritance of those to succeed us.

"God's Poor."—That was a case of condensed cruelty toward the Christian churches, practiced by the San Francisco Examiner, for the purpose of ascertaining what sort of reception a poor man would meet with at said churches. It caused one of its reporters to encase himself in the habiliments of poverty—with garments very plain, and somewhat tattered, and to "take them in." He reports that at some of them he was received very coldly, and shown into a remote and obscure seat, while at others he was made the butt of ridicule and insult. At two or three places he was received with civility, and no notice taken of his poverty-stricken garb, but at only one church out of the hundred or more he visited, was he given a cordial, Christ-

like welcome. From which we infer that "poverty in rags" has but precious little in common with our modern style of Christianity.

CAST IT ASIDE.

It is no wonder the secular press keep the "big toe" story going the rounds, growing as it goes, like a rolling snowball; because nothing has ever before happened among Spiritualists that so well served its opposition to the so-called dead returning to this world to tell us and convince us, if possible, that there are no dead, except those in this world who refuse to be enlightened concerning the next. We say the secular press is not to be wondered at for taking this advantage to strengthen its position against the gate between the two worlds, that it may only swing one way.

But the spiritualistic press has so far forgotten itself and the truth as to betray real alarm for the consequences that might follow the Fox-Kane purchased expose. Has any single spiritual manifestation ceased since Mrs. Fox-Kane chose to attribute their origin to her big toe, and the wonderful flexibility of its other members, that enabled them to change one written message for another contained in her slipper, while the duped subject sat spell-bound with his eyes not under the table? Have the raps and writings ceased, since this explanation was made? We think not. Spiritualists can afford to wait and not doubt the final result of this self-labeled, for when the perpetrator comes to her senses, she will make a second confession. And if the holy fathers think they have exorcised a demon from the life of this woman, they will then think it has been dealing with them in disguise, and many prayers and masses will it require to bring peace to their troubled souls, for they, at least, are sincere.

Now, cannot Spiritualists afford to let the pens and tongues wag as they will on this thing, realizing that Mrs. Fox-Kane has done but one of two things,—either she has succumbed to psychological forces irresponsibly, or else she has been bought to betray the truth. In either case she alone is injured—only Mrs. Fox-Kane is exposed. Spiritualism may be explained and better understood than now, but there is nothing in it to expose, as that implies fraud. We must make a distinction between a philosophy and its followers.

HOW IT ARGUES.

"It is a silly conceit of some good people that unity of sentiment among men is not on the whole desirable. How do such people reason? Is not truth one? Is it not desirable all should enjoy the truth? Agreement in truth is that thing of all others most to be desired. To want of this is to be attributed the wrath and wrangling found among men. Diversity of belief necessarily proves the existence of error; and error never existed anywhere, without doing some mischief. The world had been spiritualized long ago, but for the differences of sentiment. Our sweetest anticipation is that in the spirit world all will be of one mind and one heart."—*Better Way.*

We hold that diversity of opinion and belief is the first essential to intellectual growth. Without it, in the past, at least, the truths of Spiritualism would never have been evolved; neither the truths of astronomy or any other of the sciences; because those perceiving their truths, stood as one in a multitude, and were each in turn denounced as insane fanatics, and the knowledge of all truth assumed by a certain class, has caused nothing but martyrdom to those in opposition. Truth is not one, but many—as innumerable as the stars. It is "desirable that all should enjoy the truth;" but it is not desirable, that everyone should accept it, until it becomes truth to him or her. Argument and honest discussion are two good methods of getting at and presenting the truth. There will be "discord and wrangling," until men become wise enough to reason on all subjects. "Diversity of belief" does prove "the existence of error," and it also suggests the only means of finding it out; wherever error is found, close behind it is truth. Everything created by man, and every bit of Nature's own that he has improved or utilized, proves how blessed a thing is diversity of mind and sentiment. If the power to decide upon one simple thing as being all truth were vested in one individual, and that individual were tyrannical enough to enforce it, we should have despotism and persecutions greater than ever before, in this world. As regards the spirit world, we shall all agree on two things, our existence as immortals, and our ability to return to the earth, or birth-place; but if we are progressive beings there, we shall not "be of one mind and one heart," if the calamity of one universal state of mind is to ever fall upon mankind here or there, he might as well be annihilated, for we will have ceased to grow. Ah! no; we shall not cease to differ, for variety is ever "the spice of life," but we will grow so just and wise that we will agree to disagree.

SPIRITUAL MEETING.—The People's Spiritual meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening, was largely attended. In consequence of the illness of Dr. J. D. McLennan, who was advertised to speak, the meeting was addressed by Hon. J. P. Dameron, who delivered a very interesting extemporaneous address, and was highly appreciated by the audience. He demonstrated the great benefit the world had derived from Spiritualism. That spirits of the departed had been consulted through mediums in all ages of the world. That kings and commanders of great armies had sought spiritual advice through mediums, in the past as at present. Mrs. Ladd Finnican gave tests from the platform for about one hour, in which time over thirty tests were given, all acknowledged correct. Mrs. Finnican is one of our best platform mediums; and spirits find her an easy subject to communicate through. There is no forcing of a recognition, but perfectly ready and natural, and to all appearance the same as we, in the form, behold things with the natural eye. It is proposed by the managers of this meeting, to engage some of our best platform mediums, and spend the entire evening with the spirits, next Sunday evening, or soon thereafter.

MR. COLVILLE'S WORK.

W. J. Colville's work in San Francisco for 1889, will formally commence on Sunday, January 6th, in Metropolitan Temple, when Christmas services, with fine music, will be held, commencing precisely at 10:45 A. M., and in College Hall, 106 McAllister Street, 7:30 P. M. The morning discourse will be on "The Message of the New Year." The evening lecture will be, "An Astronomical and Spiritual Interpretation of the Star of Bethlehem." All the seats will be open to the public.

W. J. Colville's special courses of instruction in Spiritual Science and Theosophy will commence in the College place, on January 8th at 10 A. M., and 7:45 P. M., and continue every Tuesday and Friday for six weeks. Terms for full course of instruction, either morning or evening, \$2.50. Admission to single sessions, 25 cents. The following is a complete list of the subjects treated in both series:

10 A. M., MORNING CLASS—SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

Tuesday January 8. "A concise statement of the theory and practice of spiritual science, as applied to the production of moral, mental and physical health and harmony."

Friday January 11. "The Idea of God According to Spiritual Science."

Tuesday January 15. "The Idea of Man According to Spiritual Science."

Friday January 18. "A Consideration of the Relation Between Being and Existence and Between Truth and Fact."

Tuesday January 22. "Faith, Prayer and Fasting as Essentials to Spiritual Development."

Friday January 25. "Conversion, or the Spiritual Meaning of Regeneration."

Tuesday January 28. "Hereditary Influences no Obstacle to Spiritual Growth."

Friday February 1. "The Mission of Pain and How to Conquer Suffering."

Tuesday February 5. "Chemicalization, or Crisis, and How to Meet it."

Friday February 8. "The Apostolic Method of Healing as Opposed to Mesmerism and Medicine."

Tuesday February 12. "How to Alter Circumstances and Secure Success in Every Lawful Enterprise."

Friday February 15. "Explicit Directions for Treatment and Self-Protection, and the Value of Formulas Elucidated."

7:45 P. M., EVENING COURSE—THEOSOPHY.

Tuesday January 8. "Theosophy; What it Is and What it is Not."

Friday January 11. "The Mystery of the Ages, or The Secret Doctrine of All Religions."

Tuesday January 15. "Theosophy in Egypt; The Hermetic System."

Friday January 18. "Theosophy in Persia; The Zoroastrian Idea."

Tuesday January 22. "Theosophy in India; Brahmanism."

Friday January 25. "Theosophy in India; Part II. Buddhism."

Tuesday January 29. "Magic; Red, White, Gray and Black."

Friday February 1. "Difference Between Spiritual Adepts and Ordinary Magicians."

Tuesday February 5. "The Rosicrucians; Their Theories of Cosmogony."

Friday February 8. "The Philosopher's Stone and Elixir of Life."

Tuesday February 12. "The Planetary Chain."

Friday February 15. "Nirvana."

N. B. In order to enable all persons to attend these remarkable lessons, on Tuesday, February 19th they will commence again, but in a new order. The Theosophical Instructions will be given at 10 A. M., and the Spiritual Science lessons at 7:45 P. M.

Questions are freely invited after every lecture.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—We regret to learn that Madam De Roth has not been able, from illness, for several weeks past to give any sittings.

—Mrs. R. S. Lillie is lecturing in Norwich, Connecticut, in December. Returns to Boston in January for the winter.

—No spiritualist should fail to read Bro. Mackie's splendid article on "Business Mediums" in the present issue of the GOLDEN GATE.

—The prophetic message of Fanny Green, given to S. W. Jewett, as published in last week's GOLDEN GATE, should have been dated 1862 instead of 1882.

—On Wednesday next at 8 P. M., a meeting of special importance, of the Universal Register Committee, will be held at the Home College, 354 17th street. All are invited.

Mrs. Dr. Ayers can now be consulted at 512 Eighth street, Oakland. Her treatment is entirely Psycho-Magnetic. Her former success will no doubt secure a large patronage.

—Speakers wishing to go East, should place their engagements in the hands of the Independent Lecture Bureau, J. W. Fletcher, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, Manager.

—There will be spiritual meetings at Pythian Castle in Fraternity Hall, 909 1-2 Market street, every Thursday evening, commencing December 27th, 1888, conducted by the Liberal Spiritualist Association. Admission 10 cts. Monthly tickets will be issued to those that wish them, at 25 cts. each.

—Bro. E. A. Dodson, of Richfield, Minn., writes: "I am reading W. J. Colville's 'Spiritual or Divine Science,' for the third time. Its 'leaves are for the healing of the nations.' Bro. Colville is a wonderful man. Glad to see that Summerland is going to be a success. The 'G. G.' wears well; it does you credit. Your editorial page is just splendid. It's easy to see that you've got there."

—Mrs. Eggert Aitken, of 830 Mission street, ranks among our very best trance, test and healing mediums. Her principal control, "Fleeta," is evidently a spirit of great wisdom, and high unfoldment, as well as our possessing wonderful spirit power. Mrs. Aitken has resided with her family, for many years at her present residence. She has been the faithful instrument for bringing many of our once hardest skeptics into the fold of Spiritualism.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney gave another of her remarkable platform test seances at Odd Fellows' Hall last Sunday evening, before a large and deeply interested audience. She was under excellent inspiration, and her tests were clear and decisive. Mrs. Whitney has done a noble work for Spiritualism during the few years she has been before the public. She has brought many a hard-headed skeptic to a knowledge of the truth. And so the good work goes on. She will appear again at the same place to-morrow (Sunday) evening. Go and hear her. Admission ten cents.

THE RAMSDALL SISTERS.

[Having been instrumental in bringing some little needed help to these worthy sisters, in their sore distress, is our excuse for publishing the following letters. Sarah A. Ramsdall is the medium author of a valuable book entitled, "Science Made Easy," purporting to have been given through her mediumship, by Spirit Theodore Parker. We publish these letters—the latter one especially—with some misgivings.]

SAN JOSE, Dec. 18, 1888.

Dear Friend Owen: Please pardon my delay in replying to your note bearing date the 10th, containing the \$5.00 which was indeed a very fine sugar-plum—the kind that has a tendency to sweeten the conditions of this life most wonderfully, and we do most earnestly hope that you will in no way lack those sweets in the accomplishment of your life work.

Enclosed, find a message purporting to be from Theodore Parker. The influence was truly beautiful while I was penning it. It most surely belongs to you.

Please thank the donor of the \$5.00 in behalf of the sisters. May angels be your daily visitors and serene peace your heart's guest, while the angel of love holds a centre in your happy household.

With a Merry Christmas to you and your good lady, I remain,

Yours truly,

THE RAMSDALL SISTERS.

262 West Santa Clara Street.

SAN JOSE, Dec. 18, 1888.

Beloved Owen: Let me extend to you the hand of fellowship through the portals of the Golden Gate of the Summerland. Your flag of liberty is rightly named. Long may it wave, gathering added lustre from the magnitude and saving grandeur of your noble soul.

We, in the sphere of broadening mentality, admire and earnestly watch your momentary work, and we find there is no Spiritual Organ bearing paper file and finish before the world to-day, that carries with it the incisive strength and ring of true merit and spiritual Godhood as the sparkling gem called the GOLDEN GATE. No one can do a grander work than you are doing in the liberalization of thought, in the building of a broader humanity, in paving the way to the heaven on earth, and consequently restoring the lost Eden which we all miss from the human soul.

What you were pleased to do for our Amanuensis, we place on record as a gem in the crown of your infinite manhood with many others that shine equally as bright. Your glorious paper is on the way to great success. It needs your spiritual nature and hopeful heart to give it the star beacon of truth and brightness that all feel who touch it. Go bravely on. You have passed the mirage ground, and now stand on firm soil dotted with many a bright-hued flower that leaves their fragrance in your daily path.

Yours fraternally, and for the truth as we find it.

THEODORE PARKER.

Free Spiritual Conference.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Free Spiritual Conference meeting in Pythian Castle building, 909 Market street, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., was opened by inspirational music on the piano by Miss Alice Maud Henshell. Such enchanting melodies could but take the audience into the holy of holies, and prepare both speakers and hearers for the many truths uttered by Rev Henshell (a recent convert to Spiritualism), Walter Hyde, Mr. Painter, Mr. Day, Mrs. Cline, Mrs. Bartlett, and others. "Sweet Beulah Land" was finely rendered by John Slater, the celebrated medium. Mrs. N. D. Place gave several tests and much consolation to the bereaved.

At 7:30 o'clock P. M., same building, similar exercises were had, with the addition of an invocation by Mrs. Bruce, who will soon take the important position as matron of the county jail. Mrs. Cook, pianist, and Mrs. Butler, need only to be heard to be appreciated, in their rendition of the "Spirit Dove," etc. Mrs. C. J. Myers gave many tests, full names and advice in business matters.

Miss Henshell closed these very interesting exercises (with the gas turned off—in perfect darkness)—with singing and organ accompaniment. Her father informs me that before she became a medium, about six months ago, that she could play nothing without the notes before her; now, at times, quite unconscious when performing the most difficult pieces. They are, indeed, a happy family, in the consciousness of this heaven-born religion, in contradistinction to old theological notions which so long hung like a dark pall over their true inward spirituality and humanitarian feelings.

As yet, all who have assisted in these meetings have done so gratuitously. The admittance of the small sum of 10 cents has barely met the expense of halls and advertising.

Touch thou the hearts of millionaires

To aid this glorious cause,

And then poor mortals, unaware,

Will the truths of heaven espouse.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, 841 Market street.

Washington Matters.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We are in a new, beautiful and commodious hall. Brother Brooks has just closed two months' efficient work in organizing in lyceum, introducing congregational singing—a success—of which I shall say more hereafter, and putting the society on a better financial basis. We have also a ladies' "Helping Hand," which promises well. So we have not been crushed by stunning recitations.

We have also a haunted house sensation which the police and public are trying in vain to fathom. It is a case of stone-throwing which may, or may not be by a veritable ghost.

Mrs. Glading is in her first month of four and doing admirably; a drawing card. Her soul is in the work, and she thus carries and gives out a spiritual influence which draws all hearts to her independently of her medium powers, which are extraordinary.

At the close of Brother Brooks' two months, the society passed resolutions of commendation, advising him, as one whose heart is in the work, to indefatigable worker and organizer, and especially in lyceum work, in which he is better "up" than any speaker I know, and therefore commend him to all societies where such work is needed.

Beside all this, he does much pastoral work; visits the people and puts himself in rapport with them. He is emphatically a worker, builder and missionary, and I think it would be well to raise a hand and keep him at work organizing lyceums, and which nothing is more needed, as we have sadly neglected our duty in this direction, and many of us are reaping the bitter fruits, lamenting too fully as we near the end. J. B. WOLF, President 1st Society National Spiritualists, Washington, D. C.

COMMITTEE MEETING.—The general committee of management for the Colville reception at Irving Hall, Jan. 4th, '89, held a meeting in this

office Saturday, Dec. 15th, which was largely attended; and great harmony and enthusiasm prevailed. The general committee, reception committee and committees on decorations and program, are requested to meet at the GOLDEN GATE office, room 43, Flood Building, Wednesday, Dec. 26th, at 2 o'clock P. M., for completing all arrangements. A fine literary and musical program is being prepared, which will appear in full in our next issue. One of the very attractive features of the literary portion will be the recitation in costume, of "The Vagabonds," by that eminent elocutionist, Mrs. M. J. Bradley. The reception will be without doubt, very gratifying to Mr. Colville, in whose honor it is given, as the ladies in charge are sparing neither pains nor expense to make it a grand success. All are cordially invited to attend and join in the social festivities of the occasion.

PASSED ON.—Dr. C. C. Knowles passed on to the higher life, on Monday last, from his beautiful home in Alameda, aged about seventy years. Dr. Knowles was a frequent and ever-welcome visitor at this office, where we have held much delightful converse with him. He was a man of great intellectual vigor, ever earnest in the search after truth, and honest and off-hand in the expression of his opinions. Although somewhat pessimistic in his outlook upon life, the result, doubtless of ill health, there was nevertheless a rich vein of humor in his nature, that no amount of pessimism could suppress. We understand that his doubts all vanished towards the last, and the bright light of spiritual truth shone down into his soul, lighting his way to a happy beyond. He was a successful man in many ways, and passed on from the most pleasant social surroundings—from the hearts of many kindred who loved him.

—Frank Algerton, the boy medium, is engaged as follows: Bradford, Virginia, first two Sundays in January, 1889; last two Sundays in Lynn, Massachusetts. Address, care of J. W. Fletcher, Independent Lecture Bureau, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

"Nearly All"

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It is not often that readers of the GOLDEN GATE have a chance to criticize the use of extravagant language, or the illogical conclusions of its manager.

This opportunity is thought to be found in the issue of the 15th inst., when, in commenting upon Judge Hornblower's regret that the whipping-post cannot be used as a moral persuader to wife-beaters, you say that "liquor is at the bottom of all crime." This *all* includes many primitive forces and incentives to crime not arising from, nor traceable to liquor. The fearful number of wife-beaters, wife-killers and murderers, where the bottom motive springs from jealousy, lust or avarice, cannot be ignored, or shifted upon liquor. What proportion of the 2053 "Crimes of preachers," could the criminal plead whisky in extenuation?

As the object of this communication is not for discussion, but chiefly suggestion, I will merely add this item:

Should some financial temperance speaker quote in my hearing, J. J. Owen, the cultured editor, lecturer and author, as saying: "Liquor is at the bottom of all crime." I would like to be able authoritatively, to modify the statement within its legitimate proportions, when measured by psychological and physiological laws as expressed through mind and matter.

A. T. H.

STOCKTON, Cal, Dec. 18, 1888.

[The modifying word "nearly" was inadvertently omitted in said editorial—ED. G. G.]

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

QUESTION—Is the soul of man the highest principle known? SANTA CRUZ.

ANSWER—"Know thyself." "If thou wouldst know God, know thyself." "If what thou seekest to know, thou findest not within thyself, then thou wilt not find it at all." The everywhere present principle, which pervades all, and contains all, about which we really think so little, and say so much, must be the real enduring, uncreated self in man. This divine spark the *atma* (spirit) in man must hold the essential I, or Ego, potentially. This potentiality is evolved (made manifest) by the experience which *ex-istance* brings to the centre of divine energy, which gradually grows more and more distinct without being separated from the Universal. If man is the "epitome of the universe," then within himself, undiscovered, though it may be (or yet) there must be the highest principle, name that principal what you may, and when the revealing comes, which opens up this principle to man then he knows within himself, the only God he can ever know furthermore. Within man is the only world he can ever know, because he knows nothing that does not become his in consciousness, so that he knows neither the created or the Creator, save in himself. The Infinite must be limitless; the measure of the finite must be the individual consciousness; this may be very small or vast beyond compare as the consciousness expands, the finite knows more and more of the Infinite, the beyond, the unknown is the unrevealed to man, the light which makes possible the revealing is potential in him, just as sight, sound, feeling is in the individual consciousness "Seek and ye shall find."

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S., Berkeley, Cal.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Business Mediums.

BY J. W. MACKIE.

A short time ago I received a postal card from Fresno County, stating that the writer had searched in vain for a business medium all over that county, and inquired whether I knew of one in Tulare County. I have mislaid that postal and have forgotten the post-office address of its writer, but as I presume he is a reader of the GOLDEN GATE, I will say through that "business medium" what I think of business of business mediums, not for his benefit altogether, but for all whom it may concern.

I am glad to say that I do not know a business medium in all Tulare County; there may be such, but I have not met them, nor sought for them as my business does not lie in that direction.

In the beginning let me be understood. I do not mean to write a tirade against business mediums either individually or collectively. If the spirits so use them, that is the business of the spirits, as no one can place the spirits under any obligation to attend to any peculiar or special phase of mediumship. What I say is intended wholly for those who look to spirits for guidance in business matters. Nor shall I be foolish enough to affirm that spirits have never materially aided any one in business; probably the GOLDEN GATE could be filled with well authenticated facts to the contrary in one week's notice, but I shall contend for this that it is best for each and all to do our own business without any special seeking for spiritual assistance. The gods help those who help themselves.

The mission of the spirit-world through mediumship I believe to be, first, to establish the knowledge that there is a spirit-world; second, that we can establish communion with it, and third, our spiritual culture.

I do not believe that the spirit-world is very deeply concerned about our business welfare, and I think it has just as warm a heart for me as it has for Leland Stanford; that it has accomplished quite as much through and by poverty-stricken mortals, whose whole life has been from hand to mouth and scantily at that, than it has by the wealthy.

But this I have observed in my somewhat varied spiritual experience, that when a certain class have proven the fact of spiritual phenomena, their first thought is how to use it for their material benefit. Hidden treasures have to be unearthed, Cocos Island expeditions fitted out, mines are located, even diamonds must be manufactured and enterprises enough have been inaugurated to make all Spiritualists wealthy. But are they wealthy? The GOLDEN GATE, I presume, would hail the advent of a hundred thousand dollars in its office to carry on the work, and that would be but a trifle to what the spirit-world might do, if that were its business. There is yet enough unearthed gold in unthought-of places, to accomplish all that its genial editor has ever dreamed of, and that would be no small affair, which spirits could reveal if gold were the medium through which its mission should be accomplished. The essays which appeared some time ago in the GOLDEN GATE as to the best way money could be used in the work of Spiritualism, must have provoked a smile in the spirit-world. It is more than probable that a large influx of wealth in the hands of those who have been chosen as managers in the spiritual work would be suicidal to spiritual purposes.

A medium with power easily becomes a priest. An institution for mediumistic protection and development would soon be a temple, as similar institutions did in Greece and Rome. The world's history and the world's condition I think is conclusive evidence that the world's material prosperity is not the aim of the spirit-world, and nearly all spiritual progress has been with the poor and lowly.

There is in the New Testament an instructive allegory from which good lessons to the spiritual initiate may be gleaned. The temptation of Jesus in the Wilderness to which he had been led by the spirit. All who endeavor to lead a spiritual life, will, as soon as they cross the threshold be confronted with similar temptations, and their spiritual success will depend on the resistance made. And this is as it should be. If this life were all, then material prosperity would be the *summum bonum* of life, but as it is not, the best use we can make of life is to make capital for the better life coming, making material prosperity incidental and subordinate to the higher duty.

I make no pretension to despising wealth. It is my aim to be as worldly prosperous as I can, and I am working hard all day and every day to make all I can. But though I have no objections to being rich, and would be rich if I knew how to be so honorably, I will not ask a business medium to help me, and I do not believe that I would follow the advice of any spirit in business matters. I have known too many who have made a wreck of their lives and fortunes pursuing spirit counsel in their mad eagerness to be wealthy by striking bonanzas. And I have been too often disgusted in San Francisco by the unspiritual conduct of some Spiritualists in dunning the spirit-world for small corners in something or other.

I know poverty is hard to bear. I know that one cannot look on the world and see its suffering and want, its terrible

struggles to maintain a life made miserable by the struggle, the gigantic greed, which is fast monopolizing all the avenues of wealth, the monstrous schemes of injustice, which are grinding the faces of the poor,—we cannot look on all this without feeling indignant, and wishing for the power to put an end to it all, and in the bitterness of our feeling, cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

I am a Socialist in politics, and an optimist in religion, but I see no short cut out of all this trouble; I see no way out only by the slow process of evolution.

But I also think I see a glimmering light in the thick darkness, and that light is from the spirit world, shining into men's hearts awakening their spiritual senses, and not by guiding them solely in business matters.

The a, b, c, of Spiritualism has been a stopping-place too long; it is high time that its letters were used to form words and spiritual action, for any movement which tends to spiritualize humanity, is breaking the way towards the breaking up of all schemes of injustice, the introduction of the reign of righteousness and the banishment of all poverty and inequality in the brotherhood of nations.

I am convinced that all these things can never be brought to pass only through the spiritualization of the world's erring mortals, and it never can be by spirit aid confined to business matters, but will be retarded by it.

TULARE, Dec. 15, 1888.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

OAKLAND, Dec. 19, 1888.

DEAR SIR:—The Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland met last Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets, to hold their usual exercises. It is very satisfactory to know that our meetings are still increasing, which proves that Spiritualism is doing its work, and making the people anxious to find out more concerning the true Spiritual Philosophy.

Last Sunday afternoon and evening, Mrs. Cowell gave an opening invocation; also a number of convincing tests, which were all recognized.

In the evening Mr. McSorley gave a short address, which was very interesting.

Next Sunday afternoon we propose having our Christmas tree for the children of the Lyceum at 2 o'clock. We hope a great many of our friends will be with us, as all are cordially invited. Our Lyceum has progressed beyond our expectations, and we hope our ranks will still keep increasing.

Next Sunday evening Mr. Colby has promised to be with us and give tests.

Wishing you success in your efforts to spread the truth,

I remain yours in the work,
MR. H. DAVIS,
Sec'y.

DR. DOBSON AND \$2,000.

FRIEND CHAAPPEL:—Like the man in scripture history, this day do I remember my fault, that of not telling you of a remarkable cure performed by Dr. A. B. Dobson, of which I learned while at the Delpho's camp-meeting, in Kansas, last September. A gentleman, learning I was from Clinton, Ia., asked:

"Do you know Dr. Dobson, of Maquoketa, Iowa?"

"Oh, yes; very well."

"Well, I know of a very remarkable cure here in Minneapolis, Kansas. The man was given up to die. He had spent \$2,000 on various doctors, but all to no purpose. Finally, a friend advised him as a last resort, to send to Dr. Dobson, and he is now a well man. One month's medicine, just one prescription, cured him."

The man was a stranger to me, and so I made further inquiries. While in Pleasant Valley, visiting with the Benedicts and the Websters, I spoke of the matter, and I found that they knew both the man who was cured and the man who advised him to apply to Dr. Dobson. They confirmed all that had been told me on the campground, and more. The man's name was Cunningham, and the man who advised him to write to Dr. Dobson was a Mr. Goucher. Mr. Cunningham paid the "legal regulars" \$2,000, and received no benefit; he paid Dr. Dobson for one month's medicine (\$2.00 we believe the terms are), and was cured.

Great is law (?) and great are our "regulars," (?) but Dr. Dobson carries away the victory.

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(TITLE PAGE.)

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE MEETING FOR FREE interchange of thought, by all who may wish to participate in the spirit of brotherly love, in Friendship Hall, St. George's, 299 Market street, over Curtin's store, between Fifth and Sixth streets, at 11 A. M., Sunday. Admission free. All invited. At 7:30, in the same building, Fraternity Hall. Good music, good speeches and grand tests, by distinguished mediums. Admission only 30 cents.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, free. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.; also, Saturday evenings.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 205 1/2 and 213 1/2 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

AT METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, 105 McALLISTER street, Sunday, 2:30 P. M. and 8 P. M. Subject: "Spiritual Science," by Josephine R. Wilson, assisted by other prominent workers. Good music and singing are one of the attractions. All are invited.

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THE PEOPLE'S SPIRITUAL MEETING IS HELD every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Speaking and platform tests by the best mediums at every meeting.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OPEN MEETING,—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 17th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

MRS. J. R. WILSON'S CLASSES IN SPIRITUAL Science, at 105 McAllister street, on Monday and Thursday, at 2 P. M.

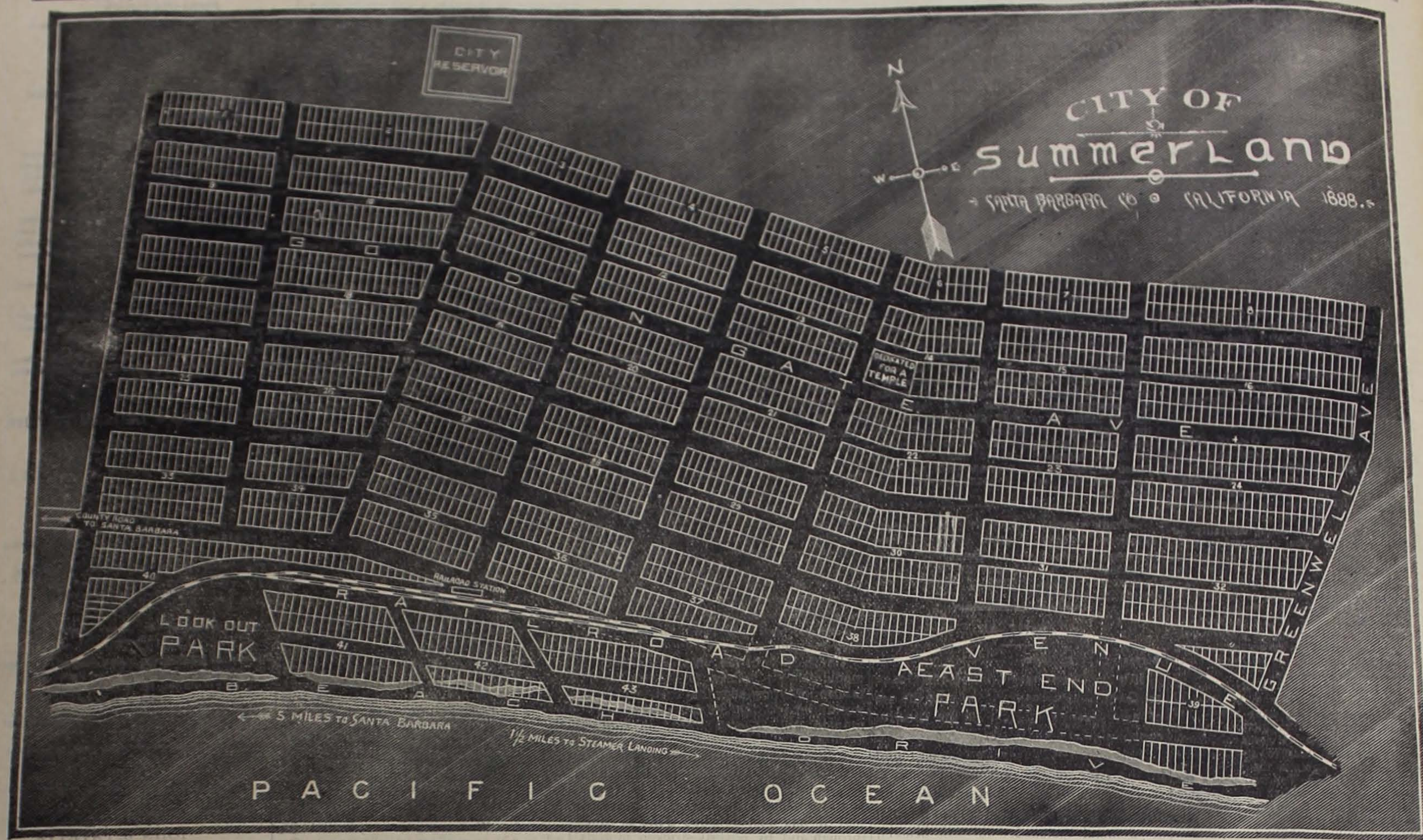
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SPIRITUALIST COLONY.

It has long been the desire of many Spiritualists that a Spiritualist Colony, or place of pleasurable and educational resort, might be located at some convenient point on this Coast—a place where the Spiritualists of the world could meet and establish permanent homes, and enjoy all the advantages, not only of our "glorious climate," but of the social and spiritual communion that such association of Spiritualists would insure.

Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in that unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city—a spot where the sun ever shines, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of en-

joying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

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- III. Mediumship (continued): Its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.
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- V. The Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second State.
- VI. The Soul World: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.
- VII. Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.

APPENDIX.—Answers to Questions.

The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 159. Price, \$1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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“But, my dear uncle, we are separated by a distance of two thousand miles! Would you have me believe that you can affect me at so great a distance?”

“Darling, do you not know that space is nothing to spirit? Thought will reach the moon, as quick as it can reach your home in Maine. But I wish you to practice self-healing. You must admit that thought is ever present in your own person. Your thoughts make you what you are, good or bad, sick or well, peaceful or troubled. As you think, so you are. Throw medicine to the dogs. Be your own physician. Assert your spiritual nature, and bend to no other influence. Christ is the true physician. He will heal you.”

“Dear uncle, I try to do that, but I seem to have two natures, and one is ashamed of the other.”

“That’s it, bless you, darling! Now, ‘bribe the serpent’s head,’ tread him under your feet, and the victory is won.”

I examined my trio of girls, a few days ago, and I give the result for your especial benefit. All three have recovered. Each answers in turn.

“What is the first step in Christian Science healing?”

Freddie—“Properly directing the thoughts, and asserting the supremacy of good.”

“Is it right to take pay for healing?”

Elizabeth—“Christ took no pay, but He had command of all things. He could ‘take money from a fish’s mouth.’ I presume it is right, when the healer devotes his time, and has rent, or board bills to pay. As times change, customs change. The generous healer would naturally excuse those who are unable to pay. In their case I should say, ‘Freely ye have received, freely give.’”

“What do you understand by the term, ‘housed in God’?”

Mary—“It is to feel that He dwells in us, and we in Him.”

“On what, if any, form of words do you rely in healing?”

Freddie—“God is my life, and I shall live. God is my health, and I shall be well. God is my strength, and I shall overcome. God is my peace, and nothing shall disturb me.”

“Is there no death, sickness, or evil?”

Elizabeth—“Only in appearance. Man is spirit, and spirit is immortal. What we call evil is negative good, and must result in positive good.”

“Can you give examples?”

Mary—“The crucifixion of Christ was cruel, but opened the way of salvation. It was wicked of Joseph’s brethren to sell him into slavery, but it saved their lives by a great deliverance. They would have starved but for the corn that Joseph hoarded in Egypt.”

“What sort of person should a healer be?”

Elizabeth—“Of a loving and pure heart, unselfish, at one with God, and striving to promote harmony.”

“What causes sickness?”

Mary—“The ascendancy of the carnal mind, which generates jealousy, hatred, wrath, strife, and involves one in various troubles.”

“But for the carnal mind, then, there would be neither sickness nor death?”

Freddie—“No; when the spiritual mind takes control, the devils are cast out. It is the healer’s office to develop this better nature, and health follows.”

“How about matter?”

Mary—“Matter is negative, and subject to spirit. Were it otherwise, the mind could not affect the health.”

“What can you say of conditions?”

Elizabeth—“The promise is to those who ask. The patient and the healer must be in the right mood, one to heal, the other to be healed.”

“How are we to know when health is restored?”

Freddie—“It is reflected in the face, the thoughts are elevated, the conversation assumes a spiritual turn, and gives expression to joy and thanksgiving.”

“Does distance affect results?”

Elizabeth—“Mind affects mind, far or near. Only antagonism can prevent healing.”

“Is not actual contact sometimes necessary?”

Mary—“It might help, if the patient was looking for anointing, since it would be in the line of faith. It is faith, in some form, that makes us whole.”

“Then sickness and health result from conditions of the mind?”

Freddie—“Yes; to talk health is to be healthy. To talk sickness, is to invite disease. We are what we think and talk.”

“Can you give an illustration?”

Elizabeth—“Yes; long lived people are always saying, ‘I don’t know what it is to be sick.’ A man in moderate circumstances is rich because he feels that he is a child of God. Another man starves to death in the midst of his hoarded millions.”

“What can you say of hereditary disease?”

Mary—“It exists only in the fleshly mind. Spirit cannot be sick, or warped from the truth.”

“Cannot the body have pain?”

Freddie—“Only as reflected from the carnal mind. Of itself it has neither

thought nor feeling. It is simply a mass of organs through which the spirit manifests itself. Pain is of the mind.”

“What is thought?”

Elizabeth—“Thought is substance—the telephone of spirit. The ear burns of the heart sinks, when enemies are plotting evil against you. The spirit feels their thoughts. Public speakers feel the thoughts of their audiences, and success or failure depends on getting in sympathy with their hearers.”

“What may be considered the creed of this divine science?”

Mary—“God is the only substance. Spirit is the only life. Love is the only law.”

“How about self-healing?”

Freddie—“‘Physician heal thyself,’ is an old maxim. It was recognized by the Savior. If one cannot heal himself, he is not at one with God. If not at one with God, he cannot heal others, though others may heal him. It follows that all permanent healing must result from self-treatment, or aspiration for the higher life.”

“What of the healer? his duty?”

Elizabeth—“He is but a teacher. He puts the patient in that condition of mind which results in health.”

“That will do. Where all have answered correctly, all are entitled to commendation. You are intelligent girls, true and good. You have learned that there is a balm in Gilead, and you know how to apply it. You are all recovered, and can no more be sick. As opportunity offers, enlighten your associates. The more you give the more you have, for love is infinite. In blessing the world you will bless yourselves. In the bonds of friendship, love and truth, I now dismiss you.”

Unconscious Incarnation.

I copy from the GOLDEN GATE, November 24th:

Editor’s remarks:—“If reincarnation be a truth, it is only the higher spirits who have realized it, and as these rarely come into our earthly conditions, or find mortals sufficiently advanced in thought to fully express their wisdom, we do not get an absolute knowledge and proof of reincarnation as we do of our future spirit existence. It is a natural result of our human weakness and blindness that we often stoutly affirm that which we do not know to be true, and as strongly deny the fact of reincarnation.”

This is equally true of the spirits of the lower spheres of spirit life, as they strongly and positively declare that reincarnation is not a fact, and not necessary for the unfoldment or progression of the human soul, and that reincarnation does not exist as a fact, but as a delusion, a snare and nonsense. These spirits of the lower spheres think they have all truths, and are as positive in their assertions, and talk as loudly as do their earth-brothers on a subject of which they have no knowledge. Still, those earth-bound spirits have incarnated many times unconsciously. The angels from the higher spheres teach that the lower spheres have not power to sustain an endless existence of form, as there comes a time to the dwellers of the lower spheres, when the form or body inhabited will refuse to obey the desire of the indwelling spirit—when there takes place, what in earth’s land is termed death, and the spirit is divested of its form; and unless the spirit has grown to the acceptance of certain truths, that are not much taught in the lower spheres, the spirit is drawn to a form in earth-land, and incarnation is the result. As the spirit is drawn to the spheres for which they are adapted. If Spirituality is in the ascendancy, they will pass to the third sphere, where their wasted powers are recuperated. But if strongly material, they are drawn to earth-land, and many times, unconsciously to themselves, incarnated. Spirits thus unconsciously incarnated, may dwell in the form they have incarnated to a ripe old age, and when liberated from the form it may appear to them but a dream, a sleep; when, in fact, it has been a long pilgrimage in earth-land. These spirits of the lower spheres will talk as positively as though in earth-lands that incarnation is a fraud, a delusion, and all nonsense; and their friends in earth-land will echo and re-echo the teachings of spirits that have never reached higher than the second or third sphere. Consequently can know nothing of the teachings of the higher spheres, and never will until they are spiritually unfolded and prepared to enter the higher realms of spirit life.

Reincarnation and eternal matehood has been taught in the higher spheres during the past ages, and is fully realized and accepted by the dwellers of the higher spheres as actual demonstrated truth.

OSWEGO, Dec. 5, 1888. J. B. F.

Great men are distinguished from little men by this—they scorn and condemn all which flatters their vanity, or seems to them for the moment desirable, or even useful, if it is not compatible with the laws which they have set before them; even though that end may not be reached till after their death.—George Ebers.

It is on opinion only that government is founded; and this maxim extends to the most despotic and most military governments, as well as to the most free and popular.

From The Sun Angel Order of Light.

Again Saidie comes to her own, those for whom she labors untiringly, with her love and blessing:

Children, Saidie brings to you a light from the realms beyond, which will light the winding ways of the present, revealing much which serves as a beacon, and a rock of security. In wandering through the length and breadth of the Order, she sees the questions arising in many hearts, and is pleased when she sees the earnest inquiry after truth based upon the foundation of eternal fact.

Back into the records of the ages, mortal mind cannot wander, even to gather up the threads memory has laid down, threads which each one will gather together in the days to come, with which to weave a web of life, all your own. In the light of the Spirit, all will be clear as the noon-day sun when the sky is cloudless, but shrouded with materiality, the sun of truth can shine but dimly upon the soul.

Children, can you picture to yourselves the depths of infinite space, dotted with its worlds, as islands in a vast ocean, then note therein the magnetic tides, as lines of light, o’er which the radiant beings of light may sail, seeking pleasure and knowledge in the realms of the Infinite? As thus you loosen the moorings of thought, and sail out o’er the vast expanse of Nature, whose open doors invite the wisdom-seeker; listen for the deep soul echoes within, perchance a memory may awaken, and realities may speak to the heart, with a power and force hitherto unknown. Shall Saidie not open before your mind a scene, in which many new dwellers of earth-land bore a part? Of a long ago, whose memories are not sounded through the earth-land, for history reaches not the time, only in faintest lines, Spirits who now are become masterful, and dwell beyond the reach of earth conditions, hold the records earth has not received. Religious differences have caused darkness, disaster and bloodshed, all over the land in past ages. There came a time when in consequence of these, and the bitterness they engendered, the war god sent his mandate through the land, Saidie means the land across the water, and the time dates back, far back of your “Christian era,” since which the nations have been plunged in conflict and the land shrouded in darkness. At that far away time, Saidie and those associated with her, saw the war-cloud in the distance, saw it rise above the horizon, gathering blackness and desolation as it neared the zenith of its power; saw where it would burst in its mad fury o’er the land. The storm was inevitable; no power was able to beat back the cloud which hung threateningly o’er the land. A council was called, and convened in the higher heavens, to consult upon the wiser way to turn back the tide of events, and bring to bear upon the hearts of the people an element of peace. This was necessary, would we prevent general disaster and darkness to the world we loved, and which we hoped to redeem.

Nature is a wise, loving mother, providing for her children ways and means, sufficient to meet every emergency. If you ask, how we could find place and room for our Council, Saidie answers, by means of Wisdom, which was at our command, and which we are working to lay within the reach of every child of the Infinite. We could meet in Council, lay the needs of earth hearts before that Council, plan for the highest good of the benighted ones on both sides the river of time, and if these plans could not be met with favorable conditions all powerful to bring success, we had learned by experience how to work and wait. According to our knowledge of the necessities to be met, we called the aid of wise ones on other worlds. These rallied quickly around our standard, lending the power of their unfolded wills, and strength of their presence to our endeavors. Where so many exalted ones meet, there is always an element of deep peace. A halo of light surrounds each head as a crown of glory, from heart and brain emanate a light which shines as a pearly crystal star, while the harmony of soul, is like fine-tuned music, floating from heart to heart, filling the air with sweetest melodies. Could not a mantle of Peace be woven from such elements of sufficient power to turn back even the tide of war, and bring to earth an atmosphere of Peace, which might permeate the land, and the hearts of the children thereof? Saidie says in sorrow, this were possible if earth hearts willed it so. But the mad rush and roar of the dread storm broke in wild fury. Men became thirsty for conflict, and rushed upon the point of the sword to meet their doom, as an animal becomes wild with rage when hunted to the death. Spirits came to the land where peace should reign, filled with the fire of war, e’en as they had fallen in the fray. The work of the Angel World was thus thrust back beyond the gates of light, and earth-bound ones took possession of the battle fields, thus bidding us, with our healing, helpful power, remain in the sphere of light, while they shrouded the earth in still deeper mists and blacker darkness.

We centered then our thought upon the shores of a sunny land, where we saw in time our power could be felt, and truth would find her way to the hearts of the

people. Here we sought those whom we could impress with peace thoughts, and relying on the wisdom and power of our common mother, we felt we should ultimately meet success. Spirits came to us, who had loved the wilder scenes of nature, had dwelt close to her great beating heart. These would seek avenues of incarnation in the land, to be followed by others, and thus a Peace Citadel should be erected, from which should be sent out valiant hearts, who would dare bear the banner of peace into the very heart of the conflict, and diffuse its elements through the hearts of the combatants.

Saidie can point to the noble pioneers of Peace to-day, who dwell in the border land of the Higher Spheres, and are as ready now to help fight the battles of the higher heavens, as they were in the long ago, of which she has but opened the door.

In this land where grow the trees of spice and balm, angel power formed a centre. A pathway was made, leading down, down into the very heart of the conflict, and willing hearts were offered as a sacrifice on the altar of Peace. Saidie’s very own clustered around her, while those she loved, became dwellers in the land; and here Saidie would meet a thought she has seen in hearts, that reincarnation is retrogression. Children, the law of the Infinite is based on Progression. From the heart of the Deity, back again to the home of the blest, Progression paves the way.

While it is true that man frustrates oft the mission of his life, it is equally true that Our Wise Mother provides for all emergencies of her children; leads all to avenues of Progress; folds all in her loving, tender arms, carries all on her loving heart, until they enter the path of Progress with glad hearts and eager feet; and leaving the old, step forth into the new, find at last the shining pathway leading to the home of the soul.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of The Sun Angels Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1888.

Written for the Golden Gate.]

Splints.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Fear is an escape valve for success.

Virtue is shorn of its highest value when boasted.

Material crowns tarnish, and laurels fade, but true honor brightens with age.

The oil of human kindness, conscientiously and judiciously applied, smoothes the machinery of life.

We cannot always judge correctly of the real spiritual merit within, by its external manifestations, no more than we can of the choice metal in the refining crucible by its cinders.

Thoughts feed the soul! And owing to the close connection with its material instrument, the body, this nourishment either invigorates or impairs, according to their nature.

How often are our best intentions misunderstood, misapplied, and unjustly and unkindly criticized! Yet this should not discourage nor deter us from the pursuit of “right living,” for just so long as we heed the advice, and receive the approval of the inward monitor, we are making rapid strides up the glorious steeps of spiritual progression!

Good deeds are the imperishable fruits hanging upon the evergreen tree of Spiritual unfoldment. Ever delicious, ever satisfying, ever invigorating to all who partake. The human heart is the virgin soil for the cultivation and perfection of this “Tree of Life,” and with an individual understanding and effort for its production, earth life would become a blooming, fruitful Eden.

Are we seeking true and rapid progression? Do we earnestly desire to escape many disappointments, and to secure all the happiness in this life? Then let us never slumber in fancied security from all deteriorating influences and habits that are enemies to our success. Let us never relax our grasp, neglect our post, nor allow one advantage to our innumerable and persistent foes of inheritance, inculcation or acquirement, that will beset us upon our earlier efforts to reach safely and triumphantly the heavenly goal we seek!

No one has ever been able at one time to serve his passions and his interests. Clear your reason from what darkens it and you will be strong; if passion takes possession of your intelligence and dominates it, you will be weak.—Cesar.

Religion is the heart of a people; it is the expression of their feelings, which it raises by giving them an object. Without a God visibly worshipped, religion would not exist, and human laws would have little real vigor.—Balsac.

There would be far less suffering amongst mankind, if men didn’t employ their imaginations so assiduously in recalling the memory of past sorrow, instead of bearing their present lot with equanimity.—Geoth.

Evil cannot live in the presence of love.

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Love's Golden Chain.
Our Beautiful Home Over There.
Our Beautiful Home Above.
Oh! Come, for My Four Heart is Breaking.
Once it was only soft Blue Eyes.
The City Just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are Left Ajar.
Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.
Who Sings My Child to Sleep?
We're Coming, Sister Mary.
We'll All Meet again in the Morning Land.
When the Dear Ones Gather at Home.
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E. W. WALLIS, . . . Sub-Editor and General Manager.

Office—51 George Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)
A Prayer.

Oh, Spirit, Infinite and Eternal!
I would not walk in utter night and gloom
And meet my fate in dream of unlit joy.
Nor yield my passion-blond to vain love,
Surrendering the angel-heart to gloom.
Oh, Soul Supreme! bid not Thy Shining Face
I long unutterably to look upon;
Leave me not desolate in my deep love,
Nor blind me to the beauty of Thy light;
But shed Thy brightness on mine open eye
Till surely luminous, my spirit soar
On undying wings, not mistily sublime,
And wholly lost in matchless radiance;
To hear the silent music sung on high—
The dulcet hymns of unseen seraphim—
In vast dim choir of white empyrean. E. E. C.

A. W. May.

Dead?

Nay! She but lies, hands folded on her breast.
Her great heart only stopped, as if to rest
From beating, just for Death's one moment, ere
She goes to nobler work 'neath sun and moon fair.
It is but little time ago she laid
The world's great movements, holding high o'erhead
The flag of Truth. Now Love sits mute and pale,
Watching her lofty smile, that is but veiled
To an eternal rapture. Nay, not dead!
But hushed and happy while the angels tread
Softly beside her on her radiant way.
White flashes of celestial glories play
Round her new presence. Therefore smiles she so.
So smile the saints. Stoop low,
Kiss her—and go.

Dead?

Nay! Life's waves stirred immortal circling run.
She has been lifted higher than the sun.
Who hears the music of the stars must go
Into a fuller life. All heaven must know
She will not marvel much. The golden ways
Will not seem strange to her, who trod earth's maze
With such unflinching feet. Nor turn to weep,
Though spent with tender longings: let her sleep,
Hearing full tide of wondrous harmonies,
Unstartled by the sound of human sighs—
For love, what matters it, if here or there?
All love is God's, and she will surely wear
Her crown more glad for what was hers below.
All doubts are ended. Therefore smiles she so.
So smile the saints. Stoop low,
Kiss her—and go.

—Mrs. WILTON STONE, in "Christian Register."

The Song of Man.

The universe is silver-strung
With pulsing cords of light,
By which the lamps of heaven are swung
In music-measured flight.

We watch with joy akin to fear
Each note break on our sight,
Throbbing on nature's brink appear,
To swell the hymn of night.

And ask ourselves, What part has man,
With his weak treble tones,
In this vast symphony, whose plan
Includes world-studded zones?

In his short scroll of mortal years,
Far sweeter strains unroll,
Timed not by martial sweep of spheres,
But wing-beats of the soul.

His song to undreamed realms ascends
And leads creation's choir,
The star-ribbed vault in homage bends
Before his altar fire.

For this was time's long prelude told,
This, which shall seal deathless reign
When life-deserted worlds have rolled
To dust and void again.

—KATE HUDSON.

Things to Cherish.

The eyes that look with love on thee,
That brighten with thy smile,
Or mutely bid thee hope again
If thou art sad awhile;
The eyes that, when no words are breathed,
Gaze fondly into thine—
Oh! I cherish them ere they grow dim;
They may not always shine!

The faithful hearts around thee,
That glow with love and youth,
That time and care ne'er yet have seared,
Nor ravished of their truth;
The hearts whose beatings we have heard
When throbbing near our own—
Oh! I cherish them! those beatings hushed,
Earth's dearest tones are gone!

The days when there are hearts and eyes
That throb and beat for thee;
The few brief hours when life doth seem
Bright as a Summer sea;
The thrilling moments when to speak
The full heart's joy is vain—
Oh! I cherish them! I once grieve, alas!
They ne'er return again!

Sonnet.

[After reading "In the Woods, and Elsewhere," Poems, by Thomas Hill.]

Now like a prophet filled with strange alarms,
Dim in the fading twilight of the year,
The maple stretches out his ghostly arms;
Yet from thy verse there flows such Spring-tide cheer
That, as I read, I hear the bobolink sing
His song of joy, the wood-thrush thrilleth low,
Soft-eyed anemones dance in fairy ring;
The columbines their golden trumpets blow.
Then from the woods a voice thrills sternly sweet:
"Out from thy sadness come at last to me!
Here more of wisdom dwells than in the street,
Here shalt thou find true peace and sanity."
While from meek gentian and brave golden-rod
Breathes a clear message from the heart of God.

—REV. JOHN A. BELLOW.

Autumn.

We scarce could tell the hour sweet Summer died.
Nature told on her rosary of flowers,
Pale lily, rose, and purple pansies pined,
And birds still sang as in Spring's sunny hours;
But yet we knew that Summer's soul had fled,
That requiem winds in measures wild and rude
Would chant above the grave of flowerets dead,
And strew with leaves the haunted solitude.

So from some heart in grief love vanishes,
While hope still spreads anon the phantom feast
For the dear guest whom reason tells is dead;
The notes still echo, though the song has ceased.
—J. H. GOODWIN.

The Spender.

She took her lesson from the sun,—
That gave her wealth ere she beheld it,—
And gave a smile to every one,
And, if she saw a cloud, dispell'd it.

She passed away one Summer day,
Just as the sun with smiles was setting;
And left this lesson: Rich are they
Who live for giving, not for getting.

—EDWIN R. CHAMPLIN.

Thanksgiving.

Continued from First Page.

let for its surplus population, and many who cannot enjoy life amid the rigors of an almost arctic winter, would gladly endure far more than seven or eight days in a Pullman car, for the sake of escaping its asperities. All outcry concerning the absence of back country, and other false statements made by unprincipled enemies, must be met by decisive contradiction by fair-minded, experienced people. Kate Field has said none too much concerning Southern California, its climate and resources; but no matter how great the natural advantages, the people must see to it that they are in all things as reputable as the land, or they will drive away more than the country can attract. We do not utter one word in complaint or chagrin, we have been more than well received, and more than liberally dealt with personally. We have experienced absolutely nothing of extortion or misrepresentation; neither do we credit for an instant, the base and baseless imputation, that the work of fleecing tourists is at all general, or that the bulk of Californians are given to exaggeration. What we do say is, Frown down all inflation, suppress all exaggeration; this country can advertise itself without the meretricious aid of questionable methods. The beauty of the land, the salubriousness of the climate, the prodigious gifts of nature, the abundance of fruits, flowers, grains and precious metals, all here for use and enjoyment, literally beggar description. The most eloquent orator, would stagger beneath the weight of the subject, were he a Demosthenes endeavoring to rise to the occasion, and meet the demands of the situation. Nature is lavish, infinitely prolific in her gifts, but man and nature are co-operators. The highest wisdom of the theologian is expressed in the command, co-operate with God, and when we see not blind force nor loneless energy, not simple power destitute of will and feeling, but infinite consciousness, and supreme beneficence displayed in all the operations of law, and the phenomena of nature, with what exultant gladness should we lift our hearts to the Eternal, with what unflagging zeal, should we put our hands and brains to work, and as the Rosicrucians teach in their wonderfully beautiful allegories, take all the metals and other products of the earth, which lie ready to our hands, and employing these raw materials as the skillful artist uses canvas, brush, colors, palates, etc., combine them into forms so lovely and adapt them to uses so noble, that with subtle alchemy of skill, we may transform the positive or comparative loneliness of the world as it is to-day, into the superlative beauty of which it is capable under the intelligent direction of man, who is by divine decree, appointed "lord of nature all."

Let thankfulness for boundless opportunity, be the keynote of our joyous strains whenever the occasion shall remind us (and what occasion should not) to number up our blessings and forgetting our present disadvantages remove them all effectually as by honest, earnest work we outgrow the conditions which create them.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

An Open Letter to Mrs. Sarah A. Harris.

RESPECTED MADAM:—I have been an interested student of Theosophy for some years, and believe it to be the cosmic religion of the world, destined to supersede all others, as it contains the truth of all. Your answers to questions in the GOLDEN GATE have interested me very much; showing as I think, deep thought, inducing me to take the pen to ask you one or two. Many thinkers have advanced an idea (which I think you accept), that there is no such thing as *absolute evil* in existence. Emerson expresses it often; in his poem of "Uriel" are these lines:

"In vain produced, all rays return;
Evil will bless, and ice will burn."

In "Festus" I read: "Evil and good are God's right hand and left; by ministry of evil, good is shown." Many other writers have varied the same sentiment; and especial stress is laid on it by "Christian Scientists" and "Mental Healers." They tell us God, or good, is everywhere; and consequently there is no room for the Devil, or evil. That the universe as a whole is perfect, and in order to be happy we must come into at-one-ment with that perfection as it exists now. The question I wish to ask is this: If these promises are correct, and who can deny them, is not our "occupation gone" as preachers and reformers? Can perfection be reformed in any sense of amendment? What are we to do if "evil will bless?" No wonder

"A sad self-knowledge withering, fell
On the beauty of Uriel."

It seems to me he must have felt worse than "a man without a country," viz., a man without an occupation,—a state terrible to contemplate. You will readily see the drift of my thought, which these lines simply hint at, and I would like your ideas on it.

One more and I close: A class of Theosophists have much to say about "mysteries," "secret doctrine," "hidden wisdom," etc., and hint that they know a great deal that they can not, or dare not, tell, and leave the common mortal in a very thick mist. Do you know of any "mystery" that cannot be explained and

talked of openly and in public, except that relating to the sex functions?
Hoping ere long to receive your thought, as sunshine on my pathway, I subscribe myself,
Your brother truth seeker,
S. CARTER.

BALDWINVILLE, MASS., Dec. 8, 1888.

A Word of Merit.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In reading last week's issue of the GOLDEN GATE, I noticed the card of Mrs. A. C. Johnson, M. D., and for the benefit of those that are afflicted, I can, with pleasure, recommend her as one that has wonderful magnetic powers as a healer.

On the 30th of last May I was completely paralyzed on my left side, and almost lost my power of speech. After trying an allopath of the old school, for five weeks, and receiving no benefit, I placed myself under her treatment. When she examined my case she said that she could have me at work at my bench in four months. She more than kept her word, for in three months and a half I was at work, and I can say that I don't think there was a day that I was under her treatment, but that I could see that I was improving.

We have a man here by the name of Mr. Swanson, M. D., (if, as Josephus says, he can be called a man), that is doing some wonderful things. A Mr. Renfrow here was completely paralyzed, so much so that he had to write what he wanted. In ten days he had him walking on the street. He has performed some cures, that the old allopaths have entirely failed at.

I sincerely hope that for the good cause, that the angel world will still continue to shower their blessings upon us all, and that the GOLDEN GATE may be ever kept ajar for those that are weary of their old orthodox sins, that they may come in and be washed, and made white as snow; and that all the anathemas that Dr. Gibbons and the orthodox world may hurl at us can never shut the "golden gate" that leads to the Summerland.

Yours, for the Truth,

C. S. BUTLER.

SACRAMENTO, Nov. 26, 1888.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A TESTIMONIAL.

LYONS, TEX., March 23, 1888.

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